The Alexandra Day Flapper and the Baronet, page 1218.

Modern Life

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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"NOT B——Y LIKELY!"

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

A Royal Secret: King George and the Continental Nobility.

The secret to which we covertly referred in our remarks upon King George and the Continental nobility is now out. Our readers will remember that in *Modern Life* for March 28th it was stated that His Majesty had authorised the compilation of a list of all the persons in Britain who are known by real, or imitation, foreign titles. We were aware, of course, of the precise cause of this list being asked for (an action-at-law which was then *sub judice*), but we pointed out several instances in which members of the highest families in the European aristocracy had got into trouble when in London, where foreign aristocrats seem to think that all the bonds prescribed by honour and *esprit de corps* ought to be shed immediately upon their arrival. We need not instance any more cases such as those of the Eulenbergs, Festetics and Esterhazys.

* * *

A "Painful Shock."

It is sufficient that the Baron de Chassiron, who has been in England for over forty years, and is extremely well known in Suffolk and the neighbourhood of Sandringham, refused to go into the witness-box to face the inquisition in his own case, in which counsel stated that the alleged libel had but one meaning. The baron preferred to leave the Court during the case, which drew from Mr. Justice Darling the apt suggestion that "Perhaps the Baron has left because the evidence has given him such a painful shock." In a subsequent issue we propose to give a complete list of all the foreigners of rank (domiciled in Britain) who are received by Society. We shall also add the names of a few who are *not* received!

* * *

The King's Apathy over the America Cup.

In spite of his love of the sea, King George isn't troubling much about the America Cup. We have it upon high authority that His Majesty will "not care tuppence" whether the yachting trophy is brought back or not. The America Cup is not the reward of real sport, but of freak yacht-building. Sir Thomas Lipton, too, has not covered his name with glory of late, and he is no longer the frequent host of Royalty—particularly of Princess Henry of Battenberg—that he was ten years ago. However, the King's aloofness in regard to the America Cup is not in any way connected with the British competitor for it. It is due to the fact that there is another America Cup which His Majesty is "real keen" upon seeing back home again!

* * *

The Cup the King Does want to see Regained.

This is the famous Polo trophy which England lost to America in 1909, and has never regained, in spite of the enthusiasm of some very smart riders—notably the Duke of Westminster and Lord Wimborne. The Royal Family are sincerely chagrined that this important trophy has departed this country so long. Last year the Duke of Westminster took a team across the Atlantic in the hope of bringing back the cup, but His Grace failed. During the past month Lord Wimborne, who is the King's Lord-in-Waiting, as well as a crack poloist, has been in hard training against teams of the King of Spain's, and it is to be hoped that a team this year will cross the "herring pond" which will put up a fight worthy of Old England against the team provided by Mr. Whitney.

The King Infected by the Heir-Apparent's Enthusiasm.

The Prince of Wales is said to be responsible for his father's keenness about the loss of the polo trophy, his Royal Highness having become infected with polo-mania at Oxford, though he has never yet been allowed to play. We learn that the Prince will shortly add polo to his other sporting accomplishments, however, and as he is to be posted to the smartest of the polo regiments, the 10th Hussars, there are great times on horseback in store for the Heir-Apparent, though, of course, the Prince of Wales will never be allowed to represent the "Dorothy Dots" in any of their regimental polo contests.

* * *

"Who's the Lady"?

And now the latest Alexandrian story! "Alexandra Day," I hear, is to be celebrated this year on June 24th, and the sister of one of the flower-sellers in Piccadilly Circus applied the other day for the official card and badge. The sister was married within a month of last Alexandra Day to a well-to-do knut, and Miss Fifteen (as we will call her), who is the prettiest girl in Putney, received in reply a letter from headquarters that "as she was not yet sixteen she could not receive the badge and permission to sell roses." Tears and chagrin and tears. It appears that one young blood of last year fell so violently in love with a baronet who, upon taking her out to tea that she ran away from home and lived with Sir Baronet for three months, and then found he was a married man!

* * *

A Little Story of Lord Ninian's.

So this year Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, who is the Marquess of Bute's brother and active in the work of Alexandra Day, is taking precautions, and the flappers will be neither so young or gullible as of yore. They are not to be allowed to sell roses in the streets unless they are in twos, and there will be a rigid inspection of the badges during the day. Lord Ninian tells a nutty little story of his own about what happened last Alexandra Day, but I will reserve that until the sequel is accomplished in two months' time!

* * *

A Pedigree as Long as the King's.

Not many people know, perhaps, that the King has a sound Radical peer of the real Old Nobility as his Comptroller-of-the-Household. Yet so it is. Lord Saye, who is, for all his Norman pedigree and ancient coronet, is a Radical, who has kept his convictions under every circumstance, and did Mr. Asquith a real good turn when he accepted the control of the King's purse, in view of the King's objections to having any of Mr. Asquith's fellow peers in the Royal Household. To Lord Saye and Sele, of course, His Majesty could take no objection, seeing that the Saye pedigree is as long as the King's own.

* * *

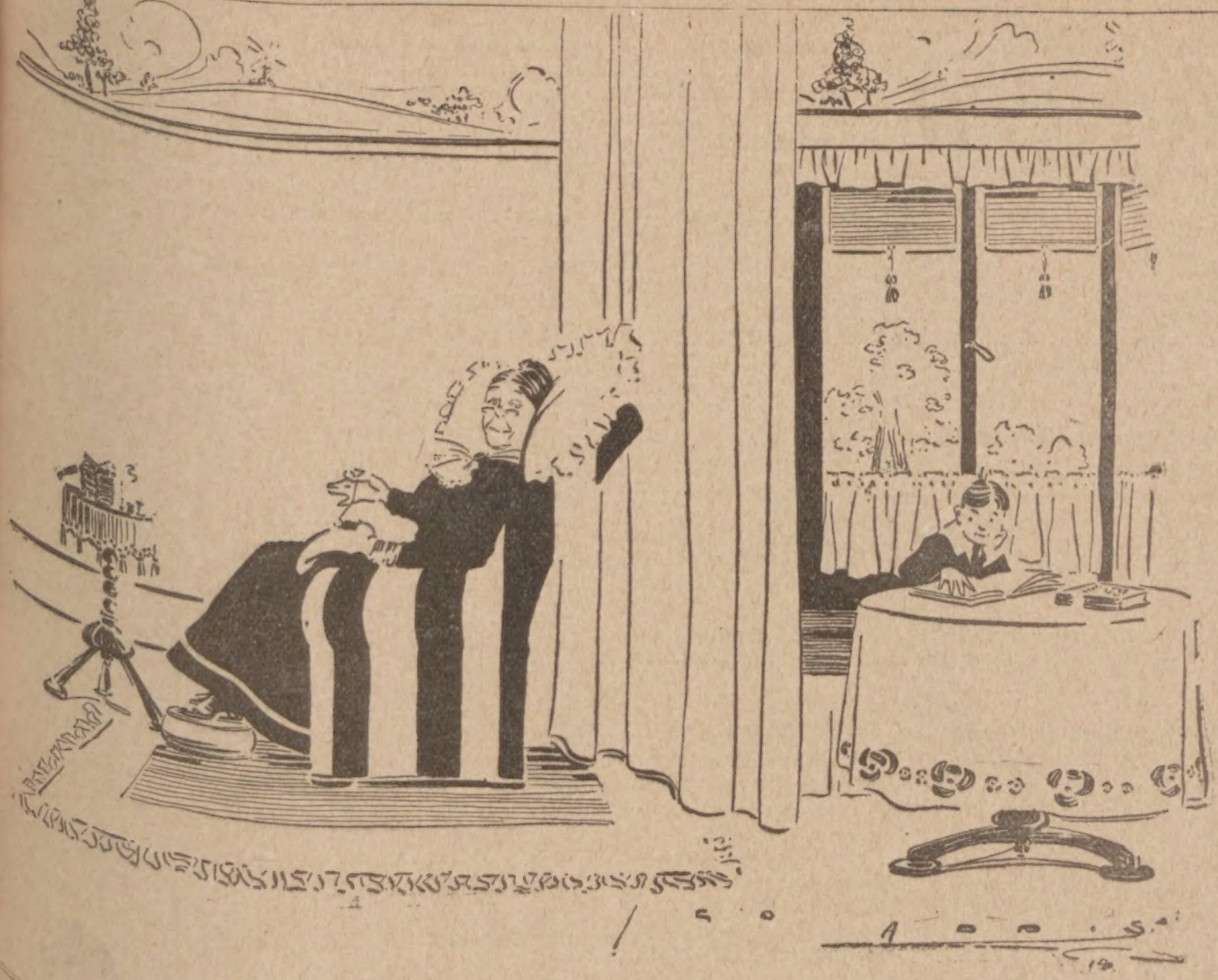
The King's Comptroller as Radical Orator.

Lord Saye finds time from his work at Buckingham Palace to do a little for the furtherance of "The Cause," and he was down at Worthing the other day, presiding over the Home Counties Liberals, and the fact that one of his Lordship's ancestors was one of the twenty-five barons who signed Magna Charta was recalled. The Sayes have always been the champions of the people's liberty! It is as well to remember that there *are* a few representatives of the legitimate Normans still in existence!

* * *

Eustace Fiennes "Out and Under"!

For all that, the Sayes are fighters! Lord Saye and Sele himself was out amongst the Zulus thirty-odd years ago, and his brother, Eustace Fiennes, was among the first men to put on I.Y. khaki in 1899. The Fiennes (to pronounce it Fines) are all in the Queen's Own Oxford Hussars (otherwise Oxford Yeomanry, and a crack one), and Eustace Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele's brother, was already an old African campaigner, and married to a "Queen" of the Rand. Almost before he had left his 'teens he and Eustace Fiennes went off to Canada with Lord Wolseley in that perilous adventure over six hundred miles of lakes and waterfalls, and through all but impenetrable forests, after the rebel Louis Riel, without ever seeing a gun fired in anger, or a drop of gore to wet his whistle in war! It was, however, Matabeleland which gave Eustace Fiennes his South African "salting," and gave the Oxfords got the word from Kitchener in the 1899 the then Lord Saye and Sele's son was first in the field, with Valentia and Marlborough, and no contingent in the kingdom did better work than the Q.O.O.H.



ONCE BITTEN ——!
"Are you an angel, Willie?"
"Not if it's upstairs, Auntie."

Other Characters of the Georgian Court.

Not many people are aware that amongst the living holders of the Victoria Cross is one of our semi-Royalties, who can claim to having been first cousin of King Edward, and is to-day a prominent figure in the Court. Such is the latter, however, and Lieutenant-Colonel FitzClarence, of the Irish Guards, who, since King George came to the throne, has so frequently done duty as Field-Officer in Brigade-Waiting on the King, is the happy possessor of the bronze cross. The gallant colonel is a son of Captain the Hon. George FitzClarence, a son of the first Earl of Munster, who was the eldest of Mrs. Jordan's children by King William IV. Colonel FitzClarence and King George V. are therefore the descendants in the same degree of two sons of King George III.—the Duke of Kent. For many years the Fitz-Clarences, who ruled the roast at Court in the days of our Sailor-King, ceased to figure at the Court of Queen Victoria, where they were suddenly deprived, by the death of their Royal father, of tremendous influence, and which they found impossible to give up with a good grace, under the rule of the young princess who came to the throne in 1837.

* * *

A Guelph Who Wears the V.C.

But the modern FitzClarences are, of course, a more reasonable clan, and the temptation to give a good place to a Guelph who could boast the V.C., without any special influence having been used in obtaining it, was great to the "Powers-that-be." So Colonel FitzClarence struts it at Court, where he is an interesting link of one Sailor-King with another. The Colonel is like to figure upon the foot-steps of the throne for many years to come, for he is still on the right side of fifty. Educated at Eton and Wellington College, he joined the Royal Fusiliers in 1886, transferred to the Irish Guards in order to give the Royal touch to that new regiment in 1900, and went out to South Africa, where he was twice wounded and won the V.C. The third Earl of Munster was, of course, killed in the same campaign. The Colonel's wife is a daughter of the late Lord Alfred Spencer-Churchill, who was a son of the fifth Duke of Marlborough. They have a son and daughter, but the heir to the present bachelor Earl of Munster is his lordship's brother, Major Harold FitzClarence.

Things "Derry" Doesn't Tell!

Amongst the Irish peers who have pledged themselves not to sit in an Irish Parliament are Lords Roberts, Dufferin, Ranfurly, Castlestuart, Charlemont, Lurgan, Kingsale, Clanwilliam, Deramore and Clarina. By-the-way, we do not notice the name of Lord Rossmore. Perhaps "Derry" isn't interested, now that he is so snugly fixed up in Hampton Court! Anyway, his Lordship's "restraint" recalls that there are things which do not appear in "Things I Can Tell" which are quite sufficient to explain Lord Rossmore's desire to keep out of Ulster politics. "Old Gladstone," in his Lordship's entertaining volume, is no accidental phrase. It was with the connivance of Mr. Gladstone that Lord Rossmore had to suffer the rare indignity of being removed from the Commission of the Peace not so many years ago.

* * *

When Derry Led the Men of Monaghan.

"Derry" had played a big part in faction politics in those days in County Monaghan, but when it came to leading the b'hoys against the Nationalists combined with the soldiers, and politely telling them that "his Orangemen could eat the Queen's troops!" ("Derry's" own words!) something drastic had to be done. And "Old Gladstone" did it! And very sore "Derry" was at the snub. And you may bet he gave the Tories no peace when they came into power once more until they had restored him his magisterial prerogatives! It's no joke for an Irish lord to be summarily taken off the bench where he has sat for years. It's a pill that wants a lot of swallowing.

* * *

Lord Rossmore "Told Off" by an Irish Judge.

But it wasn't "Old Gladstone" that inspired Mr. Justice Bewley to censure "Derry" over his Land Act transaction. Lord Rossmore got an ignorant tenant of his, named Gorman, to sign an agreement which precluded him from deriving any benefit under the new Land Act. Mr. Diamond, an Irish member, brought the case before the Commons, and Mr. Asquith told him that Lord Rossmore's conduct had been placed for consideration before the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Justice Bewley, presiding over the Land Commission, described Lord Rossmore's agreement with Gorman as "a transaction for which no censure could be too great!" Since then "Derry" Rossmore has kept out of politics altogether!

A Romantic First Cousin of King George.

I hear that Grand Duchess Cyril will be seen in London this season. It is well known that for a long time Her Grand Ducal Highness has not been upon cordial terms with her cousins at Buckingham Palace. The Grand Duchess is a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, and one of the pretty daughters of King Edward's late brother, the Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She has for years also been at loggerheads with the Russian Imperial family, owing to her hatred for her former husband, the Grand Duke of Hesse, who is the Tsarina's brother. The Grand Duchess last appeared in London in 1912, in the expectation that when her presence in this country had been made known through the diplomatic channel, she would be invited to Balmoral.

* * *

English Princess Snubbed at Balmoral.

After some days, an intimation reached the Grand Duchess through the Russian Embassy that no invitation would be extended, and the Grand Duchess at once left for Coburg with her children. Her husband, the Russian Grand Duke Cyril, was actually *en voyage* to Portsmouth on board the Russian cruiser "Oleg," which he commands, but, on the receipt of a wire from his wife, he at once fell "ill," and left the vessel at Reval, and another officer took charge of the "Oleg" for the rest of her cruise to Portsmouth.

* * *

English Princess's Romantic Love Story.

The Grand Duchess Cyril used to be a terrible source of trouble to King Edward and the German Emperor. Her husband, the Grand Duke of Hesse, was her first cousin, and son of Queen Victoria's favourite daughter, the Princess Alice. The young couple never agreed, however, and when the Grand Duchess eventually went upon a visit to St. Petersburg, to visit her mother's relations, she promptly "fell in love" with the Grand Duke Cyril, who was as closely related to her as her husband, his mother being a first cousin on her mother's side.

* * *

All Ends Happily."

The Tsar was furious at their intended elopement, and at once sent Grand Duke Cyril off to Port Arthur, on board the ill-fated "Petropavlovsk," which was blown up by the Japs immediately upon its arrival at the seat of war. Grand Duke Cyril had an almost miraculous escape, came home a "hero." The Tsar presented him with a sword inscribed "For Valour," and the Grand Duke of Hesse having arranged a divorce, the Grand Duke Cyril and the Hessian Grand Duchess quickly married. They now have several children, but the Tsar has never forgiven the Grand Duchess for her treatment of her brother, the Grand Duke in Hesse-Cassel.

* * *

Who is "Lady Grimthorpe"?

My mention last week of the wonderful way in which an ex-valet impersonated a member of Lord Ventry's family for years, reminds me that another notable member of the Peerage who is troubled just now on this score is Lord Grimthorpe, the heir of that grand old man who built "Big Ben," built churches all over the country, and died aged 90, in 1905, leaving a will of two millions sterling and his new peerage to Mr. Ernest Beckett, the present M.P. for Whitby. This wonderful fortune has been a source of trouble to Lord Grimthorpe ever since, and he has been up to some queer dodges for denuding himself of it. The "Travellers' Club" in Paris, for instance, and "The City of Monte Video Public Works Corporation" another. The Travellers' Club is now a thing of the past, but during its short existence it made some [illegible] memories, even in the "Gay City." It was in the Champs-Elysees, and though it had one Englishman as its progenitor, and another, Lord Rosslyn, to set the pace at baccarat, it never made any profits, though the management did its best to keep the bowl going until the "wee sma' oors"!

* * *

Gay Times at the Paris Travellers.

Anybody could gain admittance so long as he was provided with money, and was a "good sort"! Proceedings occasionally ended up with a free fight, but cheques came along all right for the financing of the club from the London office, and for a time the "Travellers" was indeed one of the mysteries of Paris. Eventually Lord Grimthorpe got fed up with the enterprise, and fired out the manager, who thereupon proceeded to play "old Harry" by operations at the Bank, and his counter-actions against Lord Grimthorpe and his [illegible]. Another of the over-rich young nobles who had put [illegible] in the "Travellers" was Lord Howard de Walden

Wife (to husband who has not been feeling very well): "Shall I bring your lunch up here, dear, or are you coming down for it?" Cynical Husband: "Chuck it overboard, my dear. It will save time and trouble."

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

amongst the notable *habitués* of the place was the Vicomte de Rochefoucauld, who finally gave the show away to the newspaper directors in London, and brought about its end. Since then Lord Grimthorpe has formed some strange friendships, but whether he ever met the pseudo "Lady Grimthorpe" of to-day we do not know.

* * *

"Her Ladyship" Sunning Herself at the Savoy.

What concerns us is, Supposing we are introduced to "Her Ladyship," ought we to acknowledge her as Lord Grimthorpe's wife, give her the stony stare, or a "show Ladyship," by-the-way, nor is her impersonation of the hole-and-corner order. There is nothing "meek and modest" about "her Ladyship," "Lady Grimthorpe" was at the Savoy the other evening, and the Savoy authorities were quite ready to gather in all the kudos that might be gotten from the honour done them by "Lady Grimthorpe's" visit, for, lo and behold! a few days after (March 28th) there appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* the name of "Lady Grimthorpe" amongst the crowd of "distinguished" folk who "had had supper or dinner parties at the Savoy during the last few days." Which is distinctly unpleasant for his Lordship, who is one of the best of good fellows, and has been a widower for nearly a quarter of a century, and has grown-up children!

* * *

Memories of the Bluebeard King.

The wealthy man desirous of purchasing an ancient home with historic traditions will have an opportunity shortly, when Lord Hastings's East Barsham Hall property of some 2,000 acres in Norfolk comes to the hammer. Of the old hall little remains, but there is a glorious Tudor gatehouse with towers and turrets in a fine state of preservation, and the arms of Henry VIII. in bold relief over the wide archway. Like many Tudor structures, its situation is low, at the bottom of two hills and close to the road from Fakenham to Walsingham and Wells, but it is well worthy of the restoration which a prominent resident of the latter place has often said he would like to undertake. Now is a chance.

Legend has it that Henry VIII. spent the night at East Barsham Hall before completing the last stage of his pilgrimage to the shrine of "Our Lady of Walsingham." A stiff hill after crossing the little stream which runs by the old manor house must have sorely tried the ponderous monarch, especially if he walked the two miles barefoot, but he probably only did about a quarter of the distance in abject penance, leaving his shoes at the little wayside "Slipper" Chapel (restored a few years ago) at Houghton, a hamlet just before decayed but picturesque old Walsingham is reached. Though then so devout, Henry not long afterwards despoiled the Abbey to enrich his treasury, and caused the image of "Our Lady" to be burnt at Chelsea.

* * *

Newark and the Duke of Newcastle.

The announcement that the silver wedding celebrations at Clumber this week of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle include the conferring of the freedom of Newark on His Grace has led to curiosity as to how the Pelham-Clintons came to be possessed of their valuable interests in this Nottinghamshire town. The manor was granted in 1770 to the second Duke, First Lord of the Treasury, and a nobleman, according to the great Chatham, much addicted to mendacity. The rent was £482, and the fine should have been about £3,400, but only £200 was paid. In 1806 Lord Grenville renewed the lease for thirty years at a rental of £2,000. The property comprised nearly a thousand acres, and yielded £4,000, but had it been let without reference to electioneering purposes it would have brought in £7,000. Doubtless, the ducal owners now possess the fee simple.

The fourth Duke of Newcastle forgot how easily his grandfather had come by the property, and wielded his power like a despot, without consideration at all for the rights and feelings of others. Tenants who voted against the ducal nominee in 1830 were ejected, and a supporter was even turned out of his home because he had been shaved by a man who voted wrong! His Grace feared the people would turn upon their oppressor, and therefore fortified his seat at Newark with cannon, a proceeding that nearly resulted in his being blown to atoms. He returned unexpectedly one night, and a man was firing the cannon which commanded the entrance to repel the intruder, when a comrade snatched the light away. It is only fair to add that there is no kindlier wearer of the strawberry leaves than the little nobleman who is celebrating his silver wedding, while his Duchess, though chiefly known in connection with hunting, is a charming woman with many interests.

MORE OR LESS.

The Kiss That Isn't.

It is interesting to learn that according to a decision of the Supreme Court at Leipzig "a kiss is a reaction upon the body and always requires the permission of the kissed person." Thus do courts tread heavily with official boots upon such airy-fairy things as those butterflies of sentiment—kisses. Who wants a kiss if it is merely such a dull thing as "a reaction upon the body," and whoever in her life gave verbal permission to be kissed? Kisses are sweetest when they are stolen goods. A kiss behind a door is worth a dozen legitimate ones. And illicit affection, unlike illicit whisky, is always procurable in that it doesn't need a still. All it needs is a still tongue. No woman ever gives away her lover unless he first gives himself away to another woman. Then she talks so loudly that takes a Supreme Court to decide what a kiss really is. And I decline to believe it to be merely a reaction upon the body. When a kiss becomes virtuous, all virtue has departed from it.

* * *

Oh! Shaw!

I don't know, I am sure, what our Censor can be about. He seems to exist chiefly for newspapers to make jokes about. Shaw, in his latest production, put a word in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's mouth which may be realistic, but, like most realistic things, is hardly suited to public life. "Not b——y likely," he makes his embryo Duchess say. Well, it is idle to pretend we have never heard the word before, but it gives one a tingling sort of ashamed feeling to hear it thrown straight at one's head across the footlights. It makes one realise what a crude and inartistic thing the English language is, which is perhaps what Shaw intended. It certainly is the ugliest language going. The prettiest is French, although Italian, of course, is supposed to be the language for love. I am not a student of that Southern tongue myself, but judging from the specimen conversations I have heard going on heatedly between organ-grinders or ice-cream sellers, I should think it an excellent medium for the exchange of uncomplimentary remarks. Still, perhaps I haven't heard the real thing. If d'Annunzio, for example, were to say in his most exquisite manner, "I love you" (only, I suppose, being a poet, he would put it up more), I believe, no doubt, I would respond—quite ably, I hope. It doesn't do to quarrel with a poet, as George Sand found out when de Musset left her in Venice. She went home and wrote a rude book about her (I suppose he had forgotten all his Italian by then). It's a funny thing, but there it is—when love turns to hate it's the most poisonous thing there is.

* * *

All Change!

Lord Haldane suggested the other day that a course of philosophy taken in large and unadulterated doses would probably result in an efficacious cure for those unfortunate people suffering from a surfeit of the tender passion. Other persons added their suggestions, which included change of air and hard work, both of which, however, seem to me to be part of the disease. You get plenty of atmosphere and disturbances in love, and all sorts of hard work. For my own part I suggest thought transference as a cure. Refuse all those syrupy thoughts which act as treacle to the sticky pudding of life, but transfer them to another person altogether. If you loved a "Jack" love an "Algernon" instead. You will find it quite easy—purely a question of shutting one of your eyes. All affection, you will find, even of the most domestic kind, is a question of shutting one eye, at least.

* * *

Kilts for Women.

Everybody is wearing plaid. Why, I can't think. Scotland and grouse are both out of season, and the King and Queen are due at Paris, not Balmoral. But a touch of tartan somewhere about our frocks seems to be an indispensable item. True, the clans seem to get a bit mixed sometimes, but then very few people are an authority on plaids. I have just bought a pair of plaid—well, you know myself, and upon my word I don't know whether I represent a Campbell or a Mackintosh. They say kilts will be worn by women this summer. If this is so I can foresee a run on the massage establishments. kilts mean bare legs—bare knees at events—and a woman's knee isn't ally a pretty object. It looks much hidden by a skirt. Not that I expect woman to believe me. In her rage uncovering herself she has now re-invented the sandal, and through the lips Parisian actress loudly asserts that feet are most attractive. They but, personally, I have never yet met foot that didn't look better in a Louis shoe than in its natural state.

Anything that lends a charm to woman is almost bound to be Louis or XIV. The very name gives a of rose-leaves and immorality to the decorous of drawing-rooms, and add a touch of rouge and powder most virtuous housewife. As for average man, put him in a room of wreathed mirrors and rose-du-Barri ings and see if he doesn't leave his with his coat and stick in the hall.

* *

For Sale!

There is another island for sale, the "Isle of Dreams." It sounds sentimental song and consists mostly palm trees and clams. Approximately enough it is within ten miles of a town in Florida called Arcadia. For thing is lovely in the garden—but you to sleep on the shore and cook your fast in a hat. Still, honeymoon couples wouldn't mind that! And, after all, moon is far more economical than electric light, and lights you to bed just as well. The sea, it seems, is always blue, just to suit the general atmosphere, you can have the whole island azure instead of the conventional red. Now, then, what offers? But remember, the island isn't cheap. Dreams that turn into realities never are.

LOUISE HELLOCK

"Please, Professor, there's a big earwig crawlin' on the ceiling in the class room!"
"Well, put your foot on it, and don't bother me."

PLAIN SPEAKING.

When the present reign began it was stated that the Court laxity in certain directions which had previously prevailed would not be tolerated, that certain ladies whose star had been in the ascendant in King Edward's time would be black-listed, and so on; but these first intentions are certainly not being carried into effect. Favour has just been shown a lady whose second marriage took place under circumstances which people said proved an understanding during the first husband's lifetime, and some of those people whom everybody expected would not be received have come in for marked partiality.

* * *

The announcement that the Right Hon. John Burns is removing into a large house on Clapham Common, the third move since fortune began to smile upon him, each time to a better abode, sets people athinking and awondering whether this now prominent member of the Government and Cabinet Minister ever gives a thought to those days when he preached revolution in Trafalgar Square, and asserted that no man was worth more than £500 a year. Somehow we never heard that Battersea's idol refused to accept the big salary he became entitled to on taking office in 1905.

*

We wonder if the Right Hon. John remembers a certain February twenty-eight years ago when there was a very carnival of outlawry in the West End. A contemporary account refers to a mob gathered in Trafalgar Square, and speaks of a Socialist leader named Burns suggesting a reign of terror and offering himself as captain. What followed is history. Thousands of the scum of London rushed down Pall Mall breaking windows, and then up St. James's Street, where the University Club was wrecked because it had expelled a leader and sympathiser, that now venerable gentleman with patriarchal - looking beard, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, who a few months after losing his wife startled Socialist friends by announcing his engagement to a lady many years his junior. Like his old colleague, Comrade Hyndman favours a not uncomfortable residence.

* * *

Along Piccadilly went the mob into Hyde Park, thence to South Audley Street, and Grosvenor Square, leaving on the line of route houses with no pane of glass left. Breaking windows and wrecking shops was varied by seizing carriages and turning out ladies. One was the late Lady Claud Hamilton, who further had her ears boxed. She denounced the ruffians as curs who ought to be flogged, then they cheered, and let her go!

* * *

A man deserves all credit for raising himself to a high position, but he is the more honoured when he retains the principles he upheld when in the ranks, and it is to be wished that the member for Battersea had been as faithful to his Socialist ideals as to his blue reefer. We recollect an admirable housing scheme which the Right Hon. gentleman scotched, though in his firebrand days he would have cordially approved. But circumstances alter cases. Two other smug gentlemen holding office have strangely altered in tone since they were first associated with Camberwell. One married the daughter of a distinguished soldier belonging to one of the best families in the peerage, and with this aristocratic connection he is now a very important man—in his own estimation. And yet a third, now that he has made politics pay so well, is a very different individual from the barrister who wanted briefs. This is the politician so beloved of Suffragettes!

* * *

The great G.B.S. dislikes loud laughter and applause in a theatre, even in connection with one of his own plays, but apparently the notoriety that strange apparel brings its wearer is entirely to his liking. Why does he affect such weird garbs unless the object be to attract attention?

* *

Does the earl know that a younger son is running, or connected with, a betting business? Somehow we cannot think he is aware of the fact, otherwise he would insist upon his son giving it up, for he is a nobleman of high principles and jealous of the family's good name. It has been generally understood that the young man was on the Stock Exchange, and he would certainly have done better to have remained with pa-in-law.

* *

The decree nisi granted to an injured wife will, it is expected, be followed after the usual period has elapsed by the marriage of a couple who are as delightful a pair of lovers in private life as they are on the stage. The lady has sacrified much, even a title, for the man of her heart, but Jim is sure to make Mary his wife. "Mary Grey" was married, but she found home life not to her liking; it was humdrum, she complained, and her husband dull, so to relieve the monotony she went on the stage. There she met her affinity (an actor and dramatist, against whom the decree nisi has just been pronounced), and this acquaintance led to her husband obtaining a divorce. He was stated to be devoted heart and soul to her, but in less than a year he had taken unto himself another wife, strangely enough an actress.

* * *

A Necklace and its Pendant.

From the *Star* "Words Winged To-day":—

"But whence—Beauteous everlasting!—Whence and whither?
Hast thou mistaken? Or didst forget? Look again!
Thou seest a shadow and not thyself."

—The Poet Laureate.

These words seemed not only to be winged but to have looped the loop as well. The last sentence would doubtless be the result of reading this "verse" three times over.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

I used to see a good deal of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and other theatrical stars in the good old days, before motor-cars and Futurists came to disturb the equanimity of London life, and I am not a bit surprised at her apparently eccentric marriage with Lady Randolph Churchill's divorced young man. She was always one of those women who love to do extraordinary things. Her first marriage, with Sergeant Campbell, who was killed in the South African War, was not exactly renowned for its domestic felicity, although when the Sergeant was killed the newspapers contained all the usual romantic tomfoolery about the great actress having lost her poor dear husband. As a matter of fact, when Mrs. Pat. became a leading London actress and the talk of the day, that particular thing happened that frequently happens to human nature when it gets what is called "swelled head." In a word, Mrs Pat. found hubby rather in the road amid the glare and glamour of a theatrical star, and she "encouraged" the idea of hubby retiring to the Colonies. So he "retired" to South Africa, where he was very popular, and where he continued to reflect the wifely glory till a soldier's death put an end to a disappointed life. He had achieved that last infirmity of man—to be known to fame as "the husband of Mrs. So-and-So."

The first extraordinary thing I remember Mrs. Pat. doing was done by her quite inadvertently—in fact, it did itself, so to speak. I was at the Adelphi one night in the Bill Terriss days, and she was playing the part of a gipsy sort of adventuress. Mrs. Pat. was at that time an excellent actress, with a wild, weird way of her own in character parts, but she hadn't yet got off the second-class mark. Well, on this particular evening she was in the midst of one of the best and most serious scenes of the play and was soliloquizing grandly or declaiming tragically (I forget which) when suddenly her top skirt came undone and fell on the stage. You could have heard a pin drop in the theatre even before this happened, for Mrs. Pat. was always a fine actress who could carry away her audience. But when she was seen there standing in the centre of her skirt, folded, as it were, around her feet, you might have thought the judgment day had suddenly arrived, so moved with sympathy and startled by the fine courage of the actress were the whole of the audience, as they observed her without moving a muscle sweeping herself into her part with an almost supernatural power that was worthy of Sarah Bernhardt at her best. Then when the curtain fell the audience went almost wild with excitement as they called the brave actress again and again and paid their tribute to her masterly self-possession. I have seen Mrs. Pat. play many tragic scenes since that far off day, but never have I seen her reach the heights that she so successfully scaled on that occasion.

I believe it was a fact that George Alexander was in the theatre on that particular evening, though of this I am not quite sure. Anyhow, not long afterwards it was announced in the papers, to the surprise of everybody, that Mrs. Patrick Campbell had been engaged by Mr. Alexander, then approaching the height of his fame as the "matinée pet" of London, to play a sort of demi-monde part in Pinero's new play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Yet George Alexander only engaged her as a kind of last resort. As a matter of fact (how absurd it seems to us to-day!) he had found it exceedingly difficult, indeed impossible, to get any of the leading ladies of London to play the part of Paula Tanqueray when they heard what sort of a young lady she was. Marion Terry, for one, missed the great chance of her career here, and the magnificent actress whom George Alexander knew, and whom we all knew, was capable of rivalling her sister Ellen if she could only have got the necessary parts, lost her opportunity through fear of public opinion. What a funny profession the stage is. And how extraordinarily luck and chance enter into its history! For Marion Terry and the other fearsome young ladies who were afraid to tackle Paula Tanqueray were not the only ones who made a mess of it over this wonderful though now old-fashioned play. The play was, indeed, written specially for Mr. John Hare, then a titleless yet famous actor. But when Pinero read it to him, and pointed out to him the magnificent chance he had in the fine part of Cayley Drummle, he, too, was afraid. Poor Paula Tanqueray was a woman with a past. And in those days, dear reader, although you may hardly believe it, the stage was supposed to represent women, and everything else, as a nest of [illegible] enveloped and kept warm from the realities of life [illegible] skirts of Victoria, and by the slimy sycophants [illegible] shipped at her shrine. So John Hare refused [illegible] and entered upon the delirious occupation of [illegible] himself for the rest of his life for missing one of the [illegible] financial successes the theatre has ever known.

And so George Alexander and Mrs. Pat. got their [illegible] And how gloriously they took it we all know. But [illegible] came when even George Alexander, best tempered [illegible] got at loggerheads with the "actress with a temper" [illegible] who had become the talk of London. And [illegible] public fairly besieged the St. James's Theatre [illegible] evening, both for "Tanqueray" and succeeding [illegible] see the new star, they would have flocked to [illegible] with still greater gusto could they have had an opportunity of seeing the great Mrs. Pat. in her tantrums at rehearsal. She was (and probably still is) the most "difficult" lady ever endured by a London manager. It was [illegible] smoking—though that was a rather wicked thing for women in those days. It wasn't her command of the vocabulary of the English language, though that (interlarded with [illegible] bits from the Slang Dictionary) was by no means [illegible] to be despised. It was that terrible thing that always [illegible] hold of actresses when they suddenly get it into their [illegible] that the world can't get on without them. The [illegible] got hold of Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. [illegible] and all the rest of them. The idea that the play is the thing, as Shakespeare vainly supposed, but that the leading lady is the Alpha and the Omega of every play in which she is engaged to appear. It is a thing that is [illegible] in vulgar circles, dear reader, as swelled head. And the crash came for Mrs. Pat. (although this and other [illegible] were afterwards made up) in a St. James's play in which a real live baby had to be carried on to the stage. I think it was "The Masqueraders"—anyhow that doesn't matter. George Alexander, tired of the artificial babies that refused to impersonate the real thing on the London stage, had decided to have two or three real babies behind the scenes every night, so that the one that happened to be in a good frame of mind at the psychological moment when its services were required should be used for the purpose of the scene. But on one particular evening all the babies were in their liveliest mood when the psychological moment approached. However, George Alexander has been equal to greater emergencies than that. So he just gave [illegible] the squalling infants a good dose of soothing syrup [illegible] he always kept handy, and the play went on. Then [illegible] that combination of feminine perversity and [illegible] feeling that has always been such a characteristic of Mrs. Pat. She turned and rent Mr. Alexander as if she were the manager of the theatre, and, in fact, [illegible] up such a shinty at the close of the play as will not be forgotten by those who were privileged to see it. And [illegible] because a little child had been quite harmlessly [illegible] —("drugged" Mrs. Pat. called it)—in precisely the [illegible] in which children were (and are) soothed all over [illegible] by the mothers of our race. Mrs. Pat. saw it just [illegible] when it was too late, and has many a time and oft [illegible] over the way in which she, in the flush of early [illegible] attempted to dictate to a London manager. Let [illegible] that as a fifty-year-old blushing bride she will attempt [illegible] play no such pranks upon the venturesome young man [illegible] has taken for better or worse the great and popular [illegible] whose eccentricities we must be content to put [illegible] the perversities of genius to which they properly belong.

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

We have just arrived at the real truth about Miss [illegible] Allan, her Indian tour, and her strained tendon. [illegible] to her first appearance in Bombay a great deal of [illegible] feeling was expressed by the Indian press and the [illegible] population against her performance, and the [illegible] tion was that it was of such a nature as to lower [illegible] of the white woman in the eyes of the native. The [illegible] was therefore boycotted by Europeans, and on the [illegible] night, although the hall was packed with Hindoos, [illegible] four white men were present. Thereupon Miss [illegible] strained a tendon of one of her legs and retired to [illegible] to recuperate. After a space in which her [illegible] the best he could in her interests, she appeared at [illegible] but the boycott was again in evidence, and the [illegible] to be thickly "papered." The rest of her tour was a [illegible] failure, and fizzled out. We do not think that Miss [illegible] will bear any kind feelings in future towards the [illegible] wrote "This is my own, my 'native' land."

THE SAME STAR.

A TRIOLET.

The Creature of Circumstance, whose name was Rosamond, sat at her boudoir window, gazing across at the expanse of indigo sky beyond the dense shadows of the trees. Her eyes were somewhat abstracted in their expression. On how many, many similar occasions had she seated herself upon the cosy window-seat and stared outwards; forgotten the house for the sky. One star shone more brilliantly than the others, and it caught her eye. Idly she watched it. She did not know the names of many of the stars; she knew there was a Venus and a Saturn somewhere in the vast heavens, but had no idea where their stations were. To her the star was just a star; one does not name the individual roses in a garden, she thought, so why name the stars? A little breeze pushed past the laces on her shoulders and made her shiver; an audacious spray of jasmine peeped round the window corner inquisitively.

Upon one of her fingers shone a diamond engagement ring. Idly she turned it round and round, looking anon at the star again.

This is what she thought:

"Hubert says he loves me. . . but others have said that. I wonder why it sounded different when he said it? I haven't known him as long as I knew Dick Thompson. . . . perhaps if I had! Who knows! After all, getting married is only a commonplace, but one wishes that one knew how these things are going to turn out. He is masterful, wouldn't listen to a 'no.' Did I want to say 'no' to him? Why not? I'm young, and Verrington is coming home from India next month. I always liked Verrington. . . of course he'll be surprised to hear of the engagement. I wish . . . . I suppose we shall live in London. Hubert must. Life is very prosaic. I suppose in a little time instead of roses and diamond rings, it will be coal bills and . . . of course I never liked children. I never understood them. Of course one ought to, but they are so noisy. I wonder if Hubert ever loved any one else?" The bright star stared down at her with celestial indifference, perhaps contempt.

* * *

Hubert paid the cabman and walked indoors. The staircase was dark, but he knew his way well, for he usually returned late. As he pushed open the door of his rooms, a pungent smell of stale smoke came to him, mingled with odours of Scotch drinks.

He flung open the window, and as he did so, between two tall monumental chimney stacks a bright star peeped down at him. Hubert regarded it moodily for a few moments.

"Bricks and mortar. . . one gets sick of chimneys and roofs. In the country the whole thing is freer and simpler. Down there this afternoon, with Rosamond in the garden, it all seemed simple and easy. Just to tell Jessie to find a new friend and then, hey presto, buy a wedding ring and set up a domestic altar. Wonder why all the married men one meets are such bounders? Marriage certainly does not improve their moral outlook. Rotten devils, most of them, when the drink is in and the truth oozing out. If there is one thing on earth more likely than another which is calculated to make one pessimistic, it is a married man. What with debts, quarrels, and increases. . . Wonder what little Jessie is up to? Fast asleep I suppose. It will upset her, but after all one must marry some day, and I never led her to think that she had any chance. I wonder if Rosamond is a bit of an iceberg. The first time I kissed her she nearly pushed me aside. Shyness perhaps; though who expects a woman of thirty to be shy in these sometimes-never days? Jessie is such an affectionate little thing. Funny thing that one does not tire of these simple little girls half as quickly as one does of a finished chilly woman of the world. I suppose I had better let my brother be best man!"

The star still stared down between the lank chimney stacks when Hubert was extended in bed and an intermittent snore came through the folding doors to disturb the silence.

* * *

In a small flat at the top of a "block" of dwellings a girl sat at her window, enjoying the quiet night and the soft air. The vista comprised a woodyard, a warehouse, some more flats, an expanse of sky, and one bright star shining above the efforts of the rest.

She watched it:

"Lovely star," she thought. "One would almost wish to be a poet and have the power to think out some fine lines about a star like that. Of course all the poets write about the stars. I believe Hubert once wrote me a little poem with a star in it. He doesn't write poems to me now. I wish I hadn't given him back all his letters last week. I wanted to tie them up with a blue ribbon. . . he said a black one would be better. He is so queer sometimes. I wish I were clever, although he says men hate clever women. I don't believe it. It's only because we are fools that we do as we do. . . If I'd been clever I shouldn't be . . . ."

Suddenly her head drooped and she began to cry quietly. Everything was tranquil outside.

How could a silent star tell her what it knew and what the morrow held for her?

Because it was the same star they all saw.

And none of them knew its name.

C. N.

WOMAN, EVER DOUBTING.

Eve (to Adam): "And am I really the first girl you ever loved?"

The Supreme Court at Leipzig has defined a kiss as "a reaction upon the body of another, and it always requires the permission of the kissed person." The judge who said that should try Blackpool on a Bank Holiday.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

What was in the handbag which Princess Henry of Battenberg left behind on the dressing-table at her hotel at Vernet-les-Bains? Why was she so disturbed when she discovered her loss, and did she send a special messenger all the way back from Carassonne to fetch it?

* * *

Who has been daring enough to prophesy the re-birth of "genuine comic opera," and if it is only another false alarm?

* * *

What was the nature of the "slight" operation which a well-known society woman recently underwent on board her yacht, and why was she so particular that her husband should not be told anything about it?

* *

The name of the horse which Lord Reading has just backed so heavily, and did he get his information from the stable?

* *

Exactly what the popular daily paper meant by saying that "a man named Daniel Livingstone has been charged at the police court with 'loving in the open air with no visible means of resistance.'"?

* *

The identity of the grande dame who has just resurrected the "simple life" craze, and if she is having constructed a sort of glorified caravan — not at all "simple"—in which she intends to spend the entire summer from May onwards?

* *

Why the Duke of Devonshire is no longer on speaking terms with the jovial club member, and if it is all over a horse which he recently bought from the latter and which suddenly and unaccountably "went lame"?

* *

The identity of the newly-arrived American who has been robbed of £450 by means of the time-worn "confidence trick," and how it is that our cousins "from over the water" never seem to bring much of their proverbial "cuteness" with them when they come to Europe?

* * *

Mr. Alfred Butt's "Redheads" seem to have fired public enthusiasm.

* * *

The name of the English author who has just embraced the principles of Mormonism, and if his spiritual enthusiasm has led him to embrace anything else besides?

If the "Welsh National Drama Company," which starts out on tour early in May, will prove more successful than the many previous theatrical ventures in which Lord Howard de Walden has been financially interested?

* * *

If there isn't quite a lot of powder in "Real Jam"?

* * *

The exact contents of the very bulky parcel which Marie Lloyd gave to the out-of-work actress who came to her for help? And if Marie hasn't one of the warmest brothers and sisters of her profession concerned?

*

The identity of the veiled lady who nearly five months ago attempted to sell the "story" of a certain forthcoming "romantic marriage" to three of the most popular London newspapers, and if the respective editors are still feeling very sore with themselves now for not taking her seriously?

*

Which is the actor who sends a quarterly cheque to the stout proprietress of the Soho restaurant, and why he tells his friends that it is "in consideration of a business which she did him"?

*

The name of the enterprising "Arcadian" who has started a "food specialist" who has stopped the beauty craze, and if it is likely to become popular in England?

*

How much the War Office has paid the proprietor to refrain from citing him as one of the numerous co-respondents in the divorce suit which he is about to bring against his wife?

*

Why a certain weekly contemporary, in giving a synopsis of a well-known English actress's career, said that "she *incidentally* married So-and-so," and how the "incident" in question is being referred to in that off-handed sort of way?

* * *

If a certain Duke has been considerably disturbed by a number of letters which have recently been sent to him from a young woman in Paris who signs herself "Babe." If she claims to be his daughter and that her mother, the once-famous Parisian ballet dancer to whom his Grace was romantically attached in the days of his youth, and what he intends to do in the matter?

"The manager gave her part to another member of the company."

"But she can't sue him for that!"

"Can't she! He took her character away, didn't he?"

Will Mr. George Edwardes is coming back from [illegible]mouth, and if the pretty flapper has succeeded in [illegible]uading him to give her a "walk on" part in a forth-[illegible]coming Gaiety piece?

* * *

A well-known New York beauty threw her wedding ring [illegible]to the canal immediately after the ceremony, declaring [illegible]that she "had no use for such a relic of barbarism."

* * *

[illegible]ering or the middle aged lady with the slightly [illegible]ecent who has purchased a very charming and [illegible] house-boat near Henley? If it is being fitted out [illegible]laborate Persian decorations and if the police will [illegible]well to keep their eyes upon it later on in the season?

* * *

If life would not become more complex and uncertain [illegible]than [illegible]t if we followed Mrs. Schofield's suggestion and [illegible]about clad in a "single-piece garment that could be [illegible]awn on all at once"?

* * *

If Miss Phyllis Dare is very annoyed indeed over a little [illegible]incident which appears to have put a decided spoke into [illegible]the wheel of a very promising and attractive acquaintance? [illegible]If she had taken a bet with Zena that she would be engaged [illegible]within six months, and if she will now "pay up and look [illegible]smiling"?

* * *

The Hon. "Bertie" is still wondering if he really did [illegible]on the very unattractive girl at the bridge party? [illegible]I ever find the courage to explain to her that he [illegible]sober at the time, and if such an explanation [illegible]ve any effect in moving the lady to relinquish [illegible]upon him?

* * *

We note with interest that our little joke [illegible]out the actor who offered to throw in the [illegible]on of the piece if his manager would pay for [illegible]rehearsals (*vide* our issue of July 26th, 1913), [illegible]after receiving the compliment of reproduc-[illegible]tion in *Punch* some six weeks later, has at [illegible]last found a resting-place in the columns of [illegible]our contemporary which "buys the truth." [illegible]In justice to that journal, however, we must [illegible]admit that it usually makes its liberal selec-[illegible]tion from [illegible]our columns within two or three [illegible]publication.

* * *

In a [illegible]contemporary, under the title of [illegible]the Week," we get the following: [illegible]"Love [illegible]is merely a bad habit" [illegible]Shaw). Three utterances be-[illegible]come across the pointed counter-[illegible]of Dr. Wynn Westcott, which is [illegible]nearly always possess a thick [illegible]Now what has Mr. Shaw to say? We [illegible]pause for a reply.

* * *

[illegible]gette worse than a demi-[illegible]Because a demi-mondaine is a [illegible]an, but a suffragette is a faster.

* * *

If the Prince of Wales was very indignant [illegible]the German cartoon which depicted him [illegible]ungraceful ski-ing attitude?

* * *

[illegible]t has happened to the dramatic play [illegible]Rudolph Churchill had practic-[illegible]writing over a year ago? Has [illegible]it by in a drawer and forgotten all [illegible]in the stress of more interesting [illegible]?

* * *

Who is the writer of the "stark fact dairy" [illegible]which has just found its way into the hands of [illegible]very pushing publisher, and has the latter [illegible]been approached by both of the young lady's [illegible]parents with offers to buy it back again at [illegible]very generous figures?

* * *

If it isn't about time for the Spanish Royal [illegible]cradle to receive its annual heiring?

* * *

Who is the lady who makes a habit of "acci-[illegible]dentally" dropping pieces of valuable [illegible]jewellery in public restaurants, hotels, etc., [illegible]watching who picks them up, and then, if [illegible]are not immediately handed over to the proprietor, denouncing them as "thieves"? And if she is not obtaining quite a good income from people who have been blackmailed in this way?

* * *

Who is the actress who doesn't want the world to know that her pet dog has been poisoned—as she thinks—by a rival?

* * *

Have not the police located in a back street at Bethnal Green the gang who are flooding London with counterfeit sovereigns?

* * *

Who was the peeress who, when asked as to her husband, replied: "This is my house!"?

* * *

Is not the newest gambling "hell" situated near Putney Hill?

* * *

Does not the parson who is to appear in the Divorce Court intend to conduct his own defence, and will there not be some excellent "copy" for the newspapers?

* * *

Who is the M.P. who has lost so much money on the actress's tennis court?

* * *

Why was the peer's son so very angry when his all-but-fiancee put on an engagement ring "for a joke" the other night?

* * *

Talk of "taking the cake," what price the Barnsbury man who consumed twelve buns in as many minutes with a gallon of ale thrown in—or rather down?

THE BLACK AND WHITE CRAZE.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Mr. George Lansbury's son has married Minnie Glassman, suffragette. It looks like being a smashing success.

* * *

"I am seriously thinking of proposing to a man," announced Miss Bonnie Ginger, an American suffragette. Hot stuff, eh?

* * *

A butler swallowed an amalgam of whisky and rat poison. It is more than likely that "what the butler saw" he tried to kill—pleasantly.

* * *

Mr. John Burns has shifted his habitat from Battersea to Clapham. It is satisfactory to know that he does not despise the Common.

* * *

"Who can sell beer?" asks the *Daily Mail* in a headline. We don't know. But if the verb be altered we are prepared to consider the question.

* * *

"Prince's Trust Collapses" is printed beneath a *Daily Sketch* picture. Who has dared to defy the admonition, "Put not your trust in princes?"

* * *

An Australian judge has substituted teetotalism for life for a sentence of three years' imprisonment. And yet we are told that this is a humanitarian age!

* * *

The Rev. R. J. Campbell says that "the real world is not what you think it is, whatever else it may be." It's nice to get something definite from these parsons sometimes, isn't it?

* * *

Says a daily paper: "Recipe for long life—use your brains as well as your hands and feet." That's exactly what we're going to do, if ever we have an argument with Carpentier.

* * *

Canon Horsley says we mustn't let things slide because "things have an uncomfortable way of sliding down hill, never up hill." It's funny how great minds think alike. We had noticed that ourselves.

* * *

A Tory paper's contents bill announced the other day: "Mr. Balfour: A Great National Crime." That paper ought to be able to do things with the English language when it comes to tackle Lloyd George.

* * *

We read in E. F. Benson's new novel: "When Edith intended to kiss anybody, she did it whether they liked it or not." But we've put our last shift on many a bigger risk than that, and never got the Victoria Cross for it either.

* * *

Mr. W. L. Courtney said at the Press Readers' Dinner that a printer once made him say "woman's tights" for "woman's rights." But we are not so sure that the printer didn't after all get the spirit of the thing, even if he didn't get the letter.

* * *

The *Daily Chronicle* asks: "Have you ever noticed that you button all your clothes left over right, while women do it the other way?" No, we can't say we've noticed it, but we'll make a miscroscopical examination next time we go round our harem.

* * *

"Has anyone an historic castle to sell in the Home Counties?" asks a millionaire, in a daily. No, our Home Counties stock is a bit low at present, but if the gentleman doesn't object to the Midlands or Scotland we will see Mr. Lloyd George in the matter.

* * *

An advertisement of toothbrushes says they are "so constructed that the bristles get right into the smallest crevices of the teeth, and the bristles positively won't come out." We have thought carefully over this, but the estimation of its precise value as a recommendation bristles with difficulties.

* * *

The Berlin correspondent of a daily says that during a rehearsal of "Joseph's Legend" Dr. Richard Strauss, the composer, took off his coat and tripped a few steps to show the corps de ballet exactly what he wanted. We are a bit weak on music, but we suppose that as it was a ballet the good doctor felt bound to take off something.

Easter angling has been good in East Anglia—accent on the "lia."

* * *

Canon Green: "It is safe to disregard the spirit age." But all true connoisseurs regard the age of the

* * *

Duse is about to open a Mummers' hostel. Then the actor find that there is the Duse to pay. have her dues.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* heads an article "Mr. Frohman's cast of Swifter Plays." Our opinion is that they are fast enough already.

* * *

Councillor Frith says that painters are no harder drink than any other body of workers. But, after all, only a question of palette.

* * *

"Effect of Dancing on the Drama" (*Daily Chron* headline). We might suggest that the effect would be stamp it out altogether.

* * *

A writer tells us that a woman prefers a flat because can so easily get away from it. This applies equally the flat who gives her the flat.

* * *

The *Times* points out that the Tory members of House of Commons refuse to play golf with other mem This proves how the clubs rule our politics.

* * *

Great Britain, we learn, has fewer than 3,000,000 while Germany possesses over 22,000,000. hazard a guess at the population of Germany.

* * *

Mr. Joseph H. Elgie, F.R.A.S., is publishing a called "The Stars Night by Night." This should valuable addition to current music-hall literature.

* * *

The ancient custom of "Running for the Rent" has observed in Lincolnshire. The equally ancient custo letting the rent run is frequently observed—by the la

* * *

The fact that it costs more to send a piano from to Bradford than from Berlin to Bradford may account for the epidemic of German musicians England.

* * *

At the Little Theatre is a new play by a Manch cotton manufacturer. It remains to be seen whether thread of the plot will loom large enough to make public cotton to it.

* * *

An evening journal tells us that "the consumption of per head in Lancashire is greater than in any other of the country." Don't the Lancastrians ever wash other part of their bodies?

* * *

From New York comes the story that a gent offered £100,000 to the Florence Crittenden Home, baby. This puts Mr. Lloyd George with his thirty-s ings offer out of the running.

* * *

On Good Friday, King Ludwig of Bavaria washed feet of a dozen old men. The operation was performed the Hercules Hall of the Munich palace. Is it described as a feet of strength?

* * *

The *Evening News*, a week ago, gave to its readers columns of wisdom, headed "Miss Ethel Levey's Re tions." They would have been in their proper envi ment if they had been in the *Mirror*.

* * *

Dr. James Oldfield has learned from a Hindu lady to make lemon-juice cheese. When made you hang it an hour. Then you cut it down and cut it up. Hang some cheese we wot of would be a striking example suspended animation.

* * *

Mr. Mitchell, the amateur boxer who challenged Carpentier, previous to the match said to the journalists that would not be a serious fight, but his trip to Paris would be more in the nature of a little outing. It has proved be one of those little ten-seconds "outings," unfortunately

Caller: "Do you think your father could spare me a moment, Johnnie?"
Johnnie (whose parent is a martyr to gout): "Well, sir, he said he wouldn't see the devil himself to-day, his gout's so bad, but I expect he will change his mind and see you."

IN STAGELAND.

On an occasion recently I went into Bewlay's shop at the top of the Strand and tendered 2s. 6d. for cigars for immediate consumption—I mean combustion! The gentleman in charge glared at me with sternest disapproval, retired a moment, then returned and threw my half-crown in two pieces on the counter. This does not sound particularly theatrical, but, just as it is the Government's duty to protect us from the circulation of base coin, so there should be formed immediately and without a moment's delay a powerful dramatic organisation for the smashing of rotten revue and the return of the pieces to several managements I could mention. It would serve them right if they suffer considerably more grievous harm than you or I are likely to suffer from all the bad money ever coined. There is no excuse, no extenuation, save the alleged public demand, which is taken as sufficient ground to turn these wretched jerry-built affairs out at the rate of one a week just now to the infinite detriment of variety in general.

* * *

Now I want to know precisely what effect Mrs. Patrick Campbell's newly-acquired habit of foul language, at the instigation of Sir Herbert Tree and G. B. Shaw, is going to have on variety—more particularly on the lower rungs, and the obviously and frankly vulgar comedy acts one may still encounter on the suburban and provincial bills. The managements are not to be relied upon to ensure adequate protection. Recent events have proved that conclusively enough. The higher grades have already started, but the danger here lies in example only, as charm and strength of personality can, and in most cases do, so effectively disguise the brutality of the coarseness that quick forgiveness is notified by bursts of quite involuntary laughter even by the staidest and most refined of audiences. This fact, which would receive indignant denial from all quarters had the proof not been at hand, could not have been more brilliantly and conclusively illustrated than by Mrs. Cornwallis-West's quick, salient "Not bloody likely!" in response to a gentleman's invitation to a walk in the park delivered on the stage of His Majesty's Theatre.

* * *

Thus in a dud new number that Robey is singing at the Palladium he winds up the last verse of his song ". . . and a bl— very nice day for it too!" One cannot deny that the point is topical comment, and as such, pure and simple, is justified. But where will it lead? The new Alhambra revue is to be entitled "Not . . . . likely!" I'm going to speak to Grossmith about this—but what's the good? I suppose he will only make me laugh immoderately, and then where's your precious dignity? Nevertheless, the danger is real, and the harm is obvious. What an object lesson in the strength of that mercifully great national characteristic—sense of humour!

At the invitation of friend Bernhardt, the concert director, I ran down to Croydon on ing, and have not enjoyed a unique performance for long enough. I was even recompensed missed Mrs. Campbell's first-night swear at His It was just the best presentation of "A Midsummer Dream" to be found in or around London at the There were no brass hair or iron filing whiskers was no male Puck. There were better things Two of the cast gave the best representations respective rôles I have ever met in a score of professional productions of this, the freshest and sirable of all the Shakespearian classics. marvellously improving, was a dear, devilish very true indeed to the elfish spirit of the rôle understand how permanently unsatisfactory any male Puck must of necessity be unless he be brilliant boy. I am rather sorry that some of disadvantages of the beautiful Savoy production be lessened by the inclusion of this Puck, and von Leer's mature interpretation of Hermia—the easily the best, I ever saw. It sounds impossible write things down as I understand them. I was tion that the Croydon Theatre people were indeed the securing of such a gem of a production than in the courtesy of their management.

* * *

There is a long revue at the Palladium entitled Topics." I should say it runs about 45 minutes is a simultaneous dance by two broken-down dudes lasts about six minutes. This production is minutes too long—its length being at one and the its strongest and worst feature.

* * *

There is much that is unusual in the charm Rabbit" at the Little for matinees. Its construc Mrs. Dearmer from the original American is based conceived indeed. Martin Shaw's melodies, which happily through every concise little act, are redolent plantation atmosphere which charms us, when we the opportunity, as readily as it charmed our parents they were young and middle-aged. Mr. Shaw, improves on their original simplicity, however, is a subtle sort of chromatic inharmony in some numbers that is extremely attractive and pleasing. Coffin sings the best of them, so be certain not to pleasant little production. Doris Prosser is new to her's is the most captivating performance in a clever cast. Given the essential versatility she should tracks straight ahead, as her elocution and presence unusually "individual" and impressive. She makes Janey, Mr. Man's negro daughter, charmingly.

W.

WITH THE KIDDIES AT OLYMPIA.

Puck (Mavis Yorke). The Indian Doll (Trilby Tweedale). Mabel (Cynthia de Mertagh). The Captain (R.

"HONI SOIT."

[illegible] it is easy to reconstruct [illegible] Kildare in his personality. After dancing all [illegible] Newford, the Kildares' place on the banks of [illegible]rin, he started to walk back on an abnormally hot [illegible] morning to his uncle's house, Dunvannon, higher [illegible] Lough. He chose the track by the lake-side, and [illegible] a vivid reminiscence of Eileen's delicious [illegible]e bade him farewell. I must emphasise this [illegible] Berners was a modest fellow, and liked [illegible] in [illegible].

[illegible] but the episode following might, in [illegible] the assertion, be termed a paradox.

[illegible]ry hot, and when within three miles of Dun[illegible], diverging from the track and seek[illegible] edge, found a resting-place under the old [illegible] of an ancient boat-house, where a bank of [illegible]ourished and screened him from the direct glare [illegible]ht on a tiny pool, formed by an inlet of the [illegible] Flinging himself down, luxuriously inert, he [illegible] a few sandwich[illegible] and drank some whisky and [illegible]n his pocket-flask. And then he fell asleep to the [illegible] woodland birds and the rare croak of a [illegible] great silence reigned.

[illegible]him he knew not, but as he raised himself [illegible] elbow from his bed of living fern, he became [illegible] low rippling laughter from across the tiny [illegible] by the old arch and foliage, with here and [illegible] shaft of sunlight from behind him, he peered [illegible]n of fern and rushes as on the face of a

[illegible] peasant girls on the miniature beach im[illegible]posite to him were divesting themselves of [illegible]ckings. Then their low musical chatter [illegible]ough in sympathy with the great calm and [illegible] of nature.

[illegible] full of Eileen, and of plans for meeting [illegible]e before paying his formal and farewell call, [illegible] a languid interest in the dark-haired country [illegible] had disturbed his slumbers. In fact, he had [illegible]apsed into sleep, when a slight sound, as of a [illegible] of water, fell on his ears.

[illegible]etty hoydens had removed their skirts, and were [illegible] his direction, with petticoats, respectively red [illegible]high. He could have sworn that they saw [illegible] consciously directing their progress towards [illegible]forgot that he was in deep shadow, while the [illegible] were in strong sunlight and relief, in virtue of the [illegible]g bank behind them.

[illegible] and nearer they came, and higher and higher the [illegible]modest-faced creatures raised their scanty drapery, [illegible]he fine modelling of their white limbs became more [illegible]more apparent. Then the still waters of the pool [illegible]ugh well above their shapely knees, and they paused as [illegible]ugh to [illegible] themselves, with a rushy islet as back[illegible]

[illegible] half-awakened sleeper, it was as though [illegible] presenting a play for his special edifica[illegible]. The [illegible]nt frankness of their faces betrayed no [illegible] embarrassment.

[illegible] lest he should scare them, he could still [illegible] that they had not the slightest conception of any [illegible] their conduct, though, apparently, they must [illegible] presence.

[illegible] sundry slight and apparently ordered move[illegible] girl of the red petticoat advanced to within a [illegible]ds of his lair, and as the water deepened displayed [illegible] white beauty of her finely modelled [illegible]pose for an appreciable space of time.

[illegible]d for some time, during which Raby had no [illegible] of escaping unseen, until at last the Naiads and [illegible] for [illegible] land and water intertwine), perhaps tired [illegible] frolic, retired to their own shore and [illegible] prisoner to escape, who, soon after [illegible] the chaste indecency of these daughters of [illegible] the woodlands, returned to dreams of [illegible]er [illegible] beauty.

* *

[illegible] feet above the tiny inlet of the Lough where [illegible] asleep is a pinnacle of rock, whence a perfect view of the miniature sea is obtainable. From this point of vantage through the thickly clustered vegetation every inch of the Silent Pool, as it is called, is commanded by an observer on the height, together with the ruined arch which shaded Raby's slumbers. And about the time that Raby became aware of the pretty waders, two ladies, who had left their carriage on the high-road, were toiling up the ascent of Point of View, as the over-looking pinnacle of rock is locally christened. One was Eileen Kildare's mother, and the other her friend and guest, one Mrs. Grey, a veritable "Mrs. Grundy," if ever there was one.

Arrived at the summit of Point of View, Mrs. Grey, while her hostess rested on a slab of rock, made use of a powerful pair of binoculars. And, save for one half-suppressed ejaculation, the observer was silent for so long that Mrs. Kildare roused herself to ask whether the climb had brought its reward—a fine view?

"Hush! my dear Mrs. Kildare! Yes, I have seen *enough*. And if you will take these glasses, and look in the direction indicated by me, you will never allow your innocent and charming daughter to be again in the company of Captain Raby Berners. Young profligate!"

Mrs. Kildare had strong sight, and the binoculars were the very best of their kind. And from Point of View, it must be conceded that the situation appeared to admit but of *one* explanation. For to Mrs. Kildare, as to her friend, the two pretty peasant girls seemed to be displaying their semi-nudity for the delectation of the young man ensconced in the fernery, who had not even the excuse of an artist's easel and palette. So after making sure of her late guest's identity, Mrs. Kildare turned away, followed by her friend.

"Captain Berners was intending to ride over and say good-bye to us next Saturday. But, if you do not mind, I will take Eileen to Dublin to-morrow, on our way to London, instead of next week. There are *some* episodes which no amount of explanation or apology can extenuate This is one such."

* * *

Eileen was a year older, and yet the wraith of a chivalrous and handsome young soldier still haunted her. But she had let Raby Berners slip out of her young life without sign or protest, relying on a single and apparently inadvertent remark of her mother's, that Captain Berners was not exactly the sort of man that one would care to be intimate with.

So Eileen had held her peace, unknowing what the mystery of a man's secret sins might imply, yet blushing to herself at the very idea of forcing her mother's confidence.

He might, at least, she thought, have left a message or a note, when he, too late, rode over to say good-bye, but now the Egyptian Army had swallowed him up; and to all at Newford, except Eileen, he was as though he had never been.

* * *

Mrs. Kildare was standing before a picture in Mrs. Enthoven's studio, entitled "Passing The Rubicon," and marked "Sold."

The faces and figures and even the red petticoat of one of the pretty waders were strangely familiar, while the pool was reminiscent of Ireland.

"Where did you find your models?"

"In Ireland. I was lodging on Lough Erin, near Dunvannon, and I enticed my pretty models to pose for me in the most sequestered and lovely pool I ever saw. Not a soul was to be seen for miles round, while I was hidden in a bowery copse. By the bye, it was on the morning following your dance that I worked at the figures.

"That girl holding up her red petticoat must be anatomically perfect. Look at her tactful, yet apparently perfectly natural and unaffected exposure of her well-rounded white limbs!"

"I distinctly remember that morning," said Mrs. Kildare quietly, "for Captain Raby Berners left us, after dancing all night. By the bye, I saw by the papers that he is on leave from Egypt. I must write and ask him to pay us another visit."

The Rev. W. E. Kemp says that courtship is one of the facts of life. Marriage, as everyone knows, is only a detail.

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This "Rilette" poster will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps, for postage and packing, mentioning picture No. 17. This picture is free of advertising matter, and is printed in colours on art paper in a size suitable for framing. Pictures published previously can also be obtained by sending a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps for each picture required. Please mention picture number when sending.

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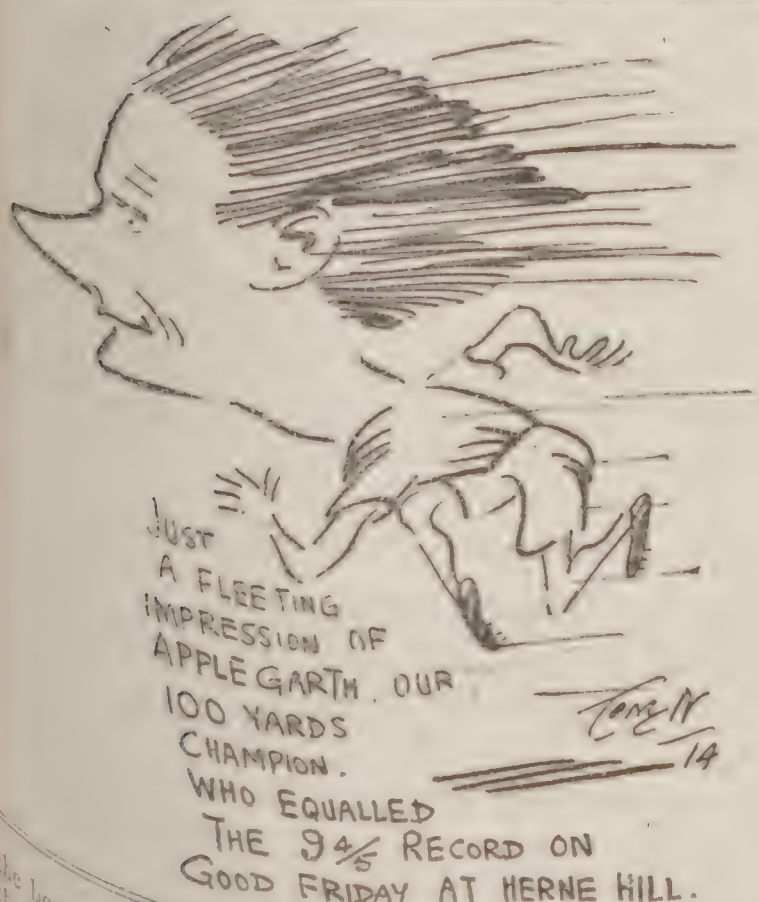
MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

What a whirl of sport we have had during the recent ... holidays. In a fairly long journalistic career I ... remember quite such a time as we have had during ... days. Football, golf, athletics, hockey, boxing, ... and one other things that go to make up ... holidays.

A GREAT SPRINTER.

... the man who has earned the most fame is W. R. ... who has at several athletic meetings won both ... yards handicaps from scratch in time closely ... to "evens," and in the case of his hundred ... Herne Hill on Good Friday he equalled ... record by doing 9 4-5 sec. ... at the Olympic games at Stockholm ... these. He won his semi-final ... heats, and was not placed in the ... division. The little Polytechnic ... last summer by Mr. Sam Mussabini, ... about foot racing as pretty well all ... put together, and he is now probably


JUST A FLEETING IMPRESSION OF APPLEGARTH. OUR 100 YARDS CHAMPION. WHO EQUALLED THE 9 4/5 RECORD ON GOOD FRIDAY AT HERNE HILL.
14

the best sprinter in the world. In one sense it is a pity ... the Olympic games are not due for this season, for then ... we should with ordinary luck and fair play have a good ... chance in the two short races with Applegarth, Anderson ... would probably win the hurdles, and N. S. A. Jackson ... would be almost a certain winner of the 15,000 metres.

THE LUCK OF THE GAME.

... in the longer races victory does not always go to the ... best man. We saw Dickey Owen get a nudge in the side ... in the back ... at Stockholm and turn a double somer... ... the grass. P. J. Baker got a kick on the ankle, ... soon because he was not considered to have a ... and as a matter of fact the Oxford President is ... best miler we have turned out in England since ... G. George's day.

... One might go back to the Halswell incident at the Lon... ... games further to point the moral, which ... athletics are not always the happy ... should be. In that case it will be ... Englishman, Halswell, was crowded ... in the final at 400 metres, and the race, ... ordered to be re-run. Then the guilty ... to turn out again, and Halswell walked over.

"TACTICS" AT THE OLYMPICS.

... from Stockholm I travelled a great part ... with an American enthusiast—"fan" is the proper word, I believe—who told me that we should never be champions again until we learnt tactics, and got some proper enthusiasm. Track tactics of the American type have never been popular, even in the lowest sporting set in England, and if they were introduced here it would finally kill the game that the A.A.A. have so frequently scotched by ridiculous legislation.

No, we want no track tactics of the type that impels a man to nudge another in the back, or jog his elbow in order to put him out of his stride, or of the kind meted out to Braun, the German 400 and 800 metres runner, who had no earthly chance at Stockholm when the pistol was fired, because those races were not run in strings until the final stage was reached. It is hard to write thus, but personally I think it better to let the Olympic games slide than to train our men to run as a team in this sense.

AMERICAN "ENTHUSIASM."

Another matter that my Yankee friend waxed scornful about was the lack of enthusiasm displayed by the average crowd in England. The cold "well run sir," did not, in his opinion, serve to arouse the athlete to further great deeds. No, the American must have a "fan" chorus, with a chief rooter to lead the band. At Stockholm their cry went like this:—

Rah, Rah, Ray,
U. S. A.
A. M. E. R. I. C. A.
Craig! Craig!! Craig!!!
Rah, Rah, Ray.

Craig is just one of the fine athletes who won a race for America, but every time an American walked across the track—it might have been any one of them, from Julian Rose, the giant weight putter, to the smallest Marathon runner of them all—he got the shout, until we were sick and tired of America and everything connected with it.

Football draws the biggest shout in England, but if a football crowd went to Tottenham, Chelsea, Fulham, or Highbury to be organised by chief rooters, the residents in the vicinity would be entitled to an injunction.

BILLY BEYNON. THE STURDY LITTLE WELSH BANTAM CHAMPION. HE WAS RECENTLY DEFEATED BY LEDOUX BUT REGAINED HIS SUPPORTERS CONFIDENCE BY SUMMARILY DISPOSING OF ALF WYE LAST MONDAY AT THE RING.
14

It is just the difference between our ideas of sport and those that prevail in the States. We say, let the best man win, and we can take a defeat because it is only a game. They say, let the best man be an American, and we'll make a frightful row over it. And before we run our sports on lines such as that, I hope athletics will be abolished by Act of Parliament as a nuisance, and that we never win another Olympic contest.

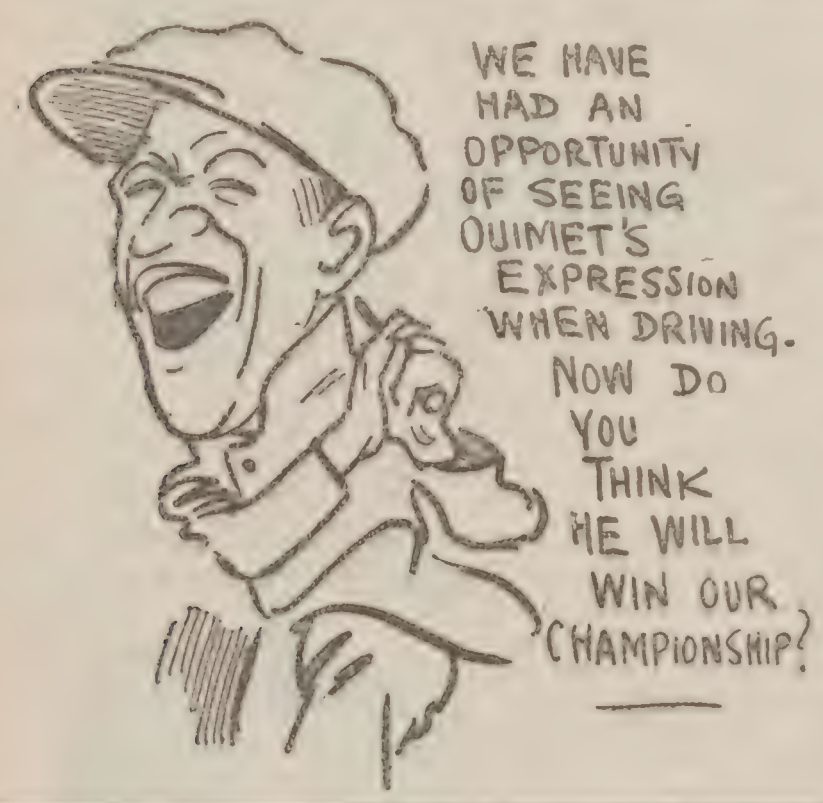
GOLF.

Thank God for the recent glorious sunshine! That's what we who play on London's clay courses say. They have dried up nicely during the last few days, and the hum of the mowers is heard on all sides.

That Francis Ouimet is quite up to the best class of our English amateurs. he has made apparent since he has been over here. He has played a few rounds at Sandwich, and also a few at Weston-super-Mare, and has quite held his own in pretty good class company; although he has been troubled with lack of touch, and has spent some sleepless nights. Lord Charles Hope has been one of his opponents, and R. A. Riddell, R. W. May, and Dr. Wallace have been others. He has played mostly in four ball foursomes with N. G. Lockwood, who came over with him as partner, and has won as many games as he has lost. Ouimet is going to visit most of the famous English golf links of Great Britain, and will be at Westward Ho this week-end.

The championship is next month, and Ouimet is not by a lot the only Yankee who has cast longing eyes on the English trophy. Fred Herreshoff, well known in England, is here again, so is Jerome Travers, and both are playing well. Heinrich Schmidt is due before these lines are in print, and altogether our amateurs, and pros. too, will have to be at their best to stop a foreign victory in the amateur and open championships.

Heinrich Schmidt will be remembered as the very deliberate golfer who used to knock the heads off three or four daisies before every shot. He even takes two or three



trial swings on the putting green. He is stated to have worked his passage over last year, but did so well that there is little danger of his having to do anything of the kind on the present occasion.

Congratulations of the heartiest to Abe Mitchell. Only last year he was playing in the amateur ranks, and on Monday his first really important match since he turned pro. was against George Duncan, about the best golfer in Great Britain, and he beat him by 8 strokes on the North Gloucestershire Club's course at Cheltenham. Mitchell went round in 73, one stroke better than the record of the course.

Of Mitchell it may be said that he was first gardener and then chauffeur to Sir Abe Bailey. He is one of a big family of brothers who play uncommonly good golf. He was never comfortable as an amateur, and when playing in a championship would never or rarely go into the club house. He fancied he was looked down upon by some of the snobs; perhaps he overheard spiteful things. At any rate he will probably be a really good pro., and the Sonning-on-Thames Golf Club ought to be proud of their ex-amateur. He has recently taken up his professional duties, and is likely to be in big request in forthcoming exhibition matches.

In 1913, the Tooting Bec Cup was tied for by Vardon, Ray, Rowland, Jones, and J. B. Batley. They played off at Thorpe Hall, Southend-on-Sea, on Tuesday, when Ray and Batley again tied at 74, Jones took 77, and Vardon 78, so that a further meeting will be necessary. NIBLICK.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND

Of all the pleasures that petrol has made possible approaches the fascinations of touring. You round the Brooklands oval with your speedo "seventy" or you may potter to the golf links miles an hour, but you will never have tasted the of the sport until you have been on tour. the very words conjure up thoughts of delight spent in unravelling England's winding lanes or along mile after mile of heath and moorland breeze from the pine woods playing on one's map of England lies at your feet. Seated or or lolling in the cushions you may spy out chiefest beauty spots and enjoy them to yo

* * *

No amount of trouble will insure you against of all kinds, but don't let this deter you from tak possible precaution. Before setting out on a journey length the machine should be thoroughly overhaul week I am dealing with the motor-cycle, and it that all the "bicycle parts" should be thoroughly and lubricated. The carbon deposits from the cylinder and the piston rings replaced Should the latter show any signs of wear it is be them, for spare rings are awkward to carry in the and still more awkward to procure at the average repairer's shop. Faulty piston rings lead to loss pression, over-heating and consequent loss of power belt is showing any signs of wear, replace it. catchers to your tyres. Later, when on the road should be examined every day without fail. The outer cover is very thick and tough some time to penetrate it. Search out they have done much damage, remove them with knife and fill in the cavity with tyre putty. This a long wait under a broiling sun later in the

* *

Most people have a mania for "spares" and insist on weighting their machines down impedimenta of this kind. A complete however, required, for every nut should be least once a day. Don't forget to include some high tension cable and insulating tape. tape can be put to innumerable uses in case of and should be the vade mecum of every motor

* * *

It is, of course, impossible to forecast all mishaps, and the really careful man would take a complete spare bicycle with him. A good make a note of every fitting that has given and mark it out for special attention. an additional belt, and they are probably do so. Personally, however, I prefer to risk it instead a spare foot of belting and An extra pair of valves are almost essential know how to fit them.

* * *

A good and powerful lamp is one should be chosen with a separate evening the old carbide should be cleared with fresh, taken from an airtight tin. is obtainable anywhere, and a small cylinder clipped to the frame will suffice to hold the supply. The novice should take a good text which to puzzle out any repairs that may, unfortunately necessary on the roadside. Never send on clothes This expensive practice generally commences unenterprising riders, but to any one with a imagination it should be anathema.

* * *

The ability to "go anywhere" the most possession of the motor cyclist. Unlike car he is not bound to the main roads. the lanes he may have for his own. Nothing delightful than to follow up a seductive looking matter if you are led miles out of your way; for faction of the pioneer or the prospector are, in four words, "off the beaten track." a bag—sent on "via C.P."—to be thought of impossible. The wretched thing looms like an to blot out the charms of dallying by the country ghost-like bars the way to every inviting turning. The landscape has to be forgotten you may meet the thing at the appointed appointed hotel.

NANCE & ASSURANCE.

...peractive politicians will settle the Ulster ...nd give themselves—and the patient public—...ently needed rest, the City should shortly get busy, ...e being many favourable factors that justify a period of ...ained activity.

* * *

... opened cheerfully after the holidays, but the ...rouble caused a general weakness. Many shrewd ...e think that the Americans' bellicose attitude is ... But General Huerta can also play that ... the situation is full of serious possibilities, ...vention" would certainly disturb the world's ...d perhaps the world's peace. The Americans ...heartily glad to emerge from their present ...osition, but dignity precludes withdrawal; ...bids a spirited advance. Meantime, about the ... market is Rubber. Mexicans have "slumped"; ... all gilt-edged stocks, foreign loans, railway ... etc., have all suffered by the prevailing

* * *

...ock Exchange is still looking for a brainy, active, ... market leader, capable of "enthusing" the ... attracting them into the flowery glades of specu... one moment they had great hopes of Sir Abe ...ho married the handsome daughter of an Irish ... has sometimes been hailed as Rhodes the Second ...en who knew not Rhodes. But the market performances ... e did not prove conspicuously brilliant, and we ... he intends to settle down in South Africa, where ...normous interests in mines, farms, cattle, and even ... Thus the post of Market Leader is still vacant.

* * *

...lders of sound Railway securities may safely continue ...t tight and draw their substantial dividends, although ...vestors a... naturally hesitating before buying, however ... opportunities, for reasons which we sum... week. At present, both Railway magnates ... are in such a conciliatory mood that we ...d ...ping that a fierce conflict will be averted by ... compromise.

* *

...City and in Johannesburg there has been some ...out forming a colossal Rand Gold Trust, ... of, say, £150,000,000. This is a project ...een discussed many times—especially by out... In the old days Barney Barnato was asked: ...ill you magnates do when all the claims have been ... in small companies?" "Do?" said Barney, ...ing grin, "Why, make a bit by amalgamatin' ... for again!"

* *

...Rand firms would welcome a big amalga... ...evious reasons. But those who control the ...tines, Ltd., the real masters of the Rand, ...e project by a curt "Not Advisable." And, ...thout them nothing can ever be done.

* * *

...that the most prominent of the Mark Lane ...duce groups is about to float an exceptionally ...e Coconut proposition, with the object of giving the ...table public an opportunity of participating in this very ...ome industry on what the City calls "ground floor ...terms." This group has already founded five prosperous ...growing companies in various regions—three of ... have ... the anticipations of their founders by ...tributi... tial dividends to their shareholders.

* *

... we hinted at the improbability of Oil furnish... ...material for a "boom" or even a "boomlet." Since ...the professionals have made a spirited attempt to ...e a "blaze" in the shares of this inflammable com... ...dity, but the public warily declined to take a hand in ...game. Prudent public! Certainly there has been a ...blaze in Oils ... it was engineered by the rebels of Mexico, ...Lord ... properties in that chaotic country.

* *

...pations of gradually improving conditions in ...market have been promptly justified by the ...Rubber Company, whose quarterly dividend ...een increased from 8 to 20 per cent. Most of ...tratively-managed companies reduced their divi... ...the "slump" as a wise precautionary ...equently, any increase in dividends, simi... lar to the Anglo-Malay move, may be regarded as the best proof that Rubber directors feel justified in taking a more optimistic view of the general position.

* * *

As most of our readers are certainly aware, Egypt grows some of the finest tobacco that ever soothed a smoker. According to the latest City gossip, several prominent American financiers are organising an Egyptian Tobacco Trust, with a capital of £1,000,000. Presumably, they are intent on creating a "corner" in Egyptians, for whatever the Yankee financier touches, he likes to control and manipulate. But Tobacco is a tricky product, as certain Americans found when they attempted to "corner" the British trade. So that this trust may, after all, end in smoke.

* * *

The collapse of Great Cobar is a serious blow for the shareholders, especially those who got in at the top. And, in a certain measure, for the Debenture-holders, who cannot hope to see their Debentures fully covered in liquidation, the assets available being insufficient for the purpose. Messrs. Bewick, Moreing and Co. made strenuous efforts to organise a reconstruction scheme. But in vain. Seven years ago Great Cobars stood at £11. To-day they are scarcely worth 11d. Such is the romance of mining!

* * *

Some incautious people may be tempted to interest themselves in Harmony Props, about which they are just now reading a great deal in certain newspapers. They should, however, remember that "all is not gold that's puffed." A word to the wise.

* * *

At the present moment it is possible to secure certain high-class trustee stocks to yield a full 4 per cent., among these being:—

	Price	Yield Per Cent. £ s. d.
Bank of Ireland Stock	230	4 3 6
Grenada Loan 1942	100	4 0 0
British Guiana Loan 1935 ...	100	4 0 0
Ceylon Loan 1934	100	4 0 0

* * *

We are frequently asked why Canadian companies can afford to offer such favourable terms for annuities as compared with the rates of British offices. This is mainly a question of interest-earning powers.

* * *

Few British assurance companies earn over 4 per cent., many less, on their invested funds. Now, there is at least one exceptionally prosperous Canadian company that can earn over 6 per cent. on its funds of £10,000,000. What does this mean? Why, that quite apart from its other sources of income, this company earns over £200,000 more interest per annum than any British company having £10,000,000 invested. Obviously, the Canadian company can thus offer its clients exceptionally generous terms, while guaranteeing the elements of security, etc., equal to those of its British competitors.

* * *

There is one vital point about annuities that merits special attention. The majority of people fight shy of this form of investment, lest their sudden demise should unduly enrich the company. "Suppose I pay £5,000 for an annuity," says the cautious capitalist, "and that I die after drawing only £1,500, the company confiscates the balance of £3,500." This was, of course, formerly the case. But to-day the best companies issue a policy guaranteeing that should death occur prematurely, the balance of the sum remaining unreturned to the annuitant shall revert to his legal heirs.

* * *

Suppose an annuitant has paid £5,000 for an income of £500 per annum, and that he dies after drawing only £2,000, the company will at once refund £3,000 to his heirs. Obviously, this policy costs more than one by which no money is returned in case of early death. But not so much extra as most people would imagine. On the other hand, the annuity can be continued to the deceased man's representatives until the £5,000 invested has been entirely refunded, just as if he had lived to enjoy it himself.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
64. PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

The Ball everyone is talking about—

"RIGGS' BISHOP"

A 2/6 ball for 1/3

A Customer writes:—

"Please send a dozen of your 'Bishop' Golf Balls for which I enclose cheque 30/-. I played three rounds with one of these balls and it was as good at the finish as at the beginning."

WE HAVE SOLD THEM IN SINGLES AND INVARIABLY OUR CUSTOMERS COME BACK FOR DOZENS.

A very well-known player told us to-day: "I have never played with a ball I liked better."

WHAT WE CLAIM FOR "THE BISHOP."

It is a ball with experience behind it.
It is a ball of exceptional merit.
It is scientifically made and tested from core to cover.
It has phenomenal flight.
It will go off your club with a click and plenty of life.
It is not too heavy, but just right.
It is essentially a ball for hard hitters.
It will appeal immediately to the man who does not wish to pay a high price, but wants a ball he can depend on.
It has an indestructible cover, and is made of the finest materials procurable.
It is very durable and is equally suitable to the long handicap or the scratch player.
It is unequalled for driving power, paint, steadiness and flight.

A trial must convince you we are not exaggerating when we make the above statements.

We will send you one, Bramble or Indented, for 1/3 post free, or a dozen for 14/- post free, and a copy of list.

CHARLES RIGGS & Co., LTD.

Ye Bishopsgate Sports House,

107, Bishopsgate, LONDON, E.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

As I mentioned last week, the Liverpool Cup [illegible] working out extremely well, and it came as no [illegible] when China Cock won the Queen's Prize at Kempton with consummate ease from Bonfire, who was also [illegible] a 5lb. penalty, and last year's winner, Rivoli. The [illegible] was exceedingly popular, most of the holiday-makers [illegible] taking the obvious tip, and there were many who [illegible] expenses for the day's outing by the win of Mr. [illegible] horse.

* * *

Mr. Nelke, whose association with the turf [illegible] tively brief, has thus brought off a very fine treble [illegible] Cock having previously won for him the Liverpool [illegible] Cup, and Outram the Lincolnshire Handicap; a [illegible] ficent start considering that all three successes were [illegible] within three weeks. It is pleasing to see such a big [illegible] of the sport—his team under the care of Pickering, [illegible] Newmarket trainer, is a very strong one—so successful [illegible] Nelke has in the past won among other notable events [illegible] Great Metropolitan with Lagos, the Stewards' Cup with [illegible] Golden Rod, and the Chester Vase with Cylba. [illegible] cesses are invariably very popular with the crowd.

* * *

Another very busy and interesting week's racing [illegible] this week. The City and Suburban Handicap on Wednesday forms the principal attraction. This important [illegible] will in all probability bring out a big field, and at the moment bears an open appearance. Two of the [illegible] —Drinmore, the winner, and Lorenzo—who fought out the exciting finish last year, can again compete, and the latter horse, Limon, who separated the other pair by inches only, did not accept. If fit and [illegible] may again make a bold bid for the spoils [illegible] 10lb. more to carry, but Lorenzo has run indifferently [illegible] far this year. Long Set is set to carry the [illegible] of 9st. 6lb., and under this impost I do not expect [illegible] improve on his display in the race last year, when he finished among the ruck. His stable companion, Erlegh, may secure the prize on his best form, but cannot be trusted, and personally I think that the Liverpool [illegible] form may be taken as a reliable guide here. Limon, for instance, finished second to China Cock, who, [illegible] did not accept for this race, at Aintree, and subsequently won the Newbury Cup in convincing style. When we saw him score that day I was particularly impressed with his display, and despite the fact that he has carried a penalty I think he will win at Epsom. Whilst according to my vote I consider Mr. J. B. Joel's selected (Sun Yat-Sen—White Magic) will run prominently.

* * *

The Great Metropolitan on Tuesday is also certain to bring out plenty of runners, among whom Annecy is sure to attempt to follow up his success of last year. He has did not finish in the first three in five attempts after winning this race, but is said to be quietly fancied to score again. The winner will, however, probably turn up in [illegible] MOUTH, one of the bottom weights, who recently showed smart form over hurdles. The Great Surrey Handicap on the same afternoon may fall to Forward III., and the Prince of Wales' Stakes to Rawal Pindi.

* * *

On the concluding day of the meeting Short Grass should win the Copthorne Plate and Clap Gate the Tadworth, as Pontefract clashes with Epsom on Wednesday, when [illegible] should score in the Pontefract Three-Year-Old Handicap and Sublime in the Trial Handicap. The Carleton Handicap on the second day at the Northern meeting was won by Ruff's Guide.

* * *

The three-day Sandown Park gathering commences on Thursday, when Candytuft may take the Twickenham Handicap and William's Pride the Mount Felix Plate. On Friday Razel may win the Guildford Handicap, and Angel Man the Prince Albert Handicap. The concluding day is devoted to steeplechasing, and the Great [illegible] national Steeplechase may be won by Ilston.

* * *

Stockton, also, is decided on Friday and [illegible] Eaglescliffe Plate on the first day at the [illegible] may be won by Sand Martin, and Warden [illegible] secure the Crathorne Plate on Saturday.

EAST·WEST
DIAMOND'S BEST

£9,000
AMONG 14 WINNERS

THIS large sum of money has been won by fourteen men, some of whose photographs appear in this advertisement. Four of them won £1,000 each, and ten of them won £500 each.

Remember, Diamond's methods are *always* square and above board. The fact that H. Diamond was the *only* English Firm to be entrusted with the entire sale of the Lucerne St. Paul's Church Lottery Tickets proves this.

H. DIAMOND
LUCERNE SWITZERLAND.

"JOHN BULL" says :—
"We have no reason to modify the favourable view we have formed of Mr. Diamond's methods of business. The more we see of them the more justified we feel in the advice we have given to our readers. H. Diamond's sweepstakes are perfectly genuine."

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FOUR WINNERS OF £1,000 EACH.

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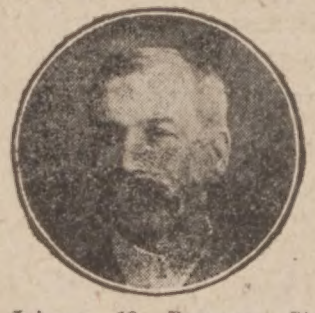
Geo. W. Webb, J.P., Architect, Market Place Chambers, Reading.



J. Jobson, 12, Panmure Street, Dundee.

F. C. Papworth, 127, Felsham Road, Putney, London.

THREE WINNERS OF £500 EACH.

C. J. Goulter, 1, St. George's Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey.

W. Hargrave, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal.

E. M. Hughes, Tan-Lan, Bethesda, N. Wales.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF OTHER WINNERS OF £500 EACH.

W. H. Blackshaw, The Lea, Denham, Bucks.
H. Colchin, Junr., The Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Sittingbourne, Kent.
A. B. Wyatt, 3, Falmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
B. Ainley, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.
W. H. Cowdery, The Forester's Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
T. Philips, 34, The Park, Treharris.
F. Smith, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Stranger: Is the cashier of the local bank a tall man?
Native: Physically speaking, yes.
Stranger: Physically speaking?
Native: Yes; otherwise he is short—something like £10,000. That's why he has taken a trip abroad.

* * *

PROOF POSITIVE.

Counsel for Plaintiff: What reason have you for thinking that this lady did not intend to hit her husband when she threw the sugar-basin at him?
Witness: Well, she *did* hit him.

* * *

Governess (looking over geography paper): What's this? Where in the world did you get the idea that the people of Lancashire are very stupid, eh?
Tommy: Please, teacher, it says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population.

* * *

THE EXPLANATION.

"She says she never borrows trouble."
"No; that's a thing she prefers to give."—*Judge.*

* * *

HER IDEA.

Patience: Will says that when he kissed you last night he noticed that you'd been eating onions.
Patrice: Well, all I've got to say is that a man who will notice onions on a girl's breath when he's kissing her hasn't got his mind on his business.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

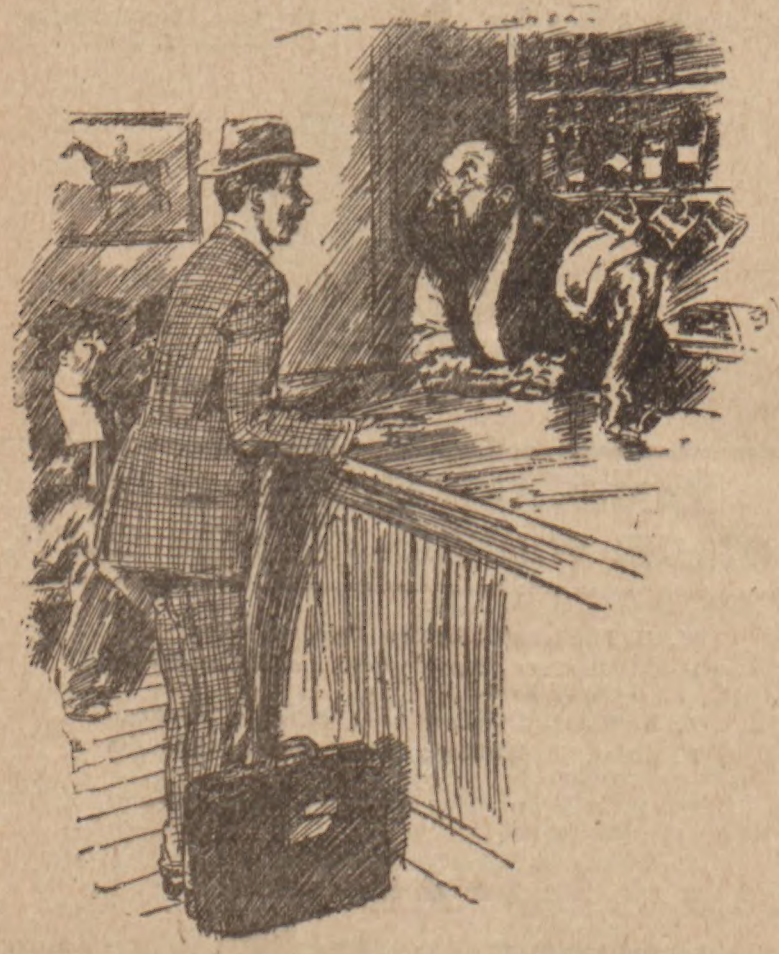
GOSSIP.

Lou: I saw Ethel yesterday, and we had the loveliest confidential chat together.
Lucy: I thought so; she wouldn't talk to me to-day.—*Judge.*

* * *

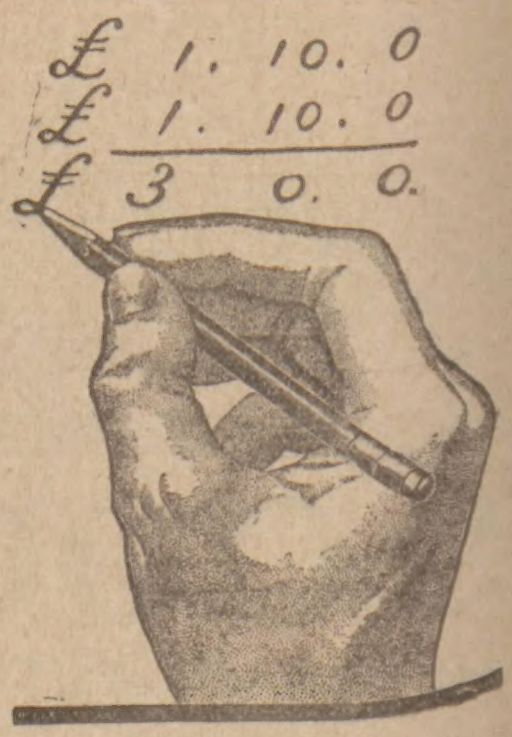
A LAST RESORT.

Jinks: Would you marry for money?
Binks: Not until I've exhausted every reasonable means of getting it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



THE EXCEPTION.

Advance Agent: "We make it a rule to pay as we go."
Bush Bung: "Well, here you'll pay as you come."



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WHAT does that mean?
It means a great deal.
It means a great deal to YOU.

It means—are you doing anything to double your prospects of success? To double your earnings?

You can be a Doubler if you determine to be so.

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Be a Doubler; double your chances by training yourself for your work.

The I.C.S. will make YOU a Doubler, as it has made so many others. Here is an example from one of many I.C.S. Doublers:—

"I am very pleased to be able to inform you that I have been successful in securing a better position. I have increased prospects of success in the future, and

MY WAGES HAVE BEEN INCREASED BY 100 PER CENT.

"I shall always have pleasure in recommending the Schools to anyone who wishes to secure for himself promotion and better pay.—R. D. Boagey, West Hartlepool.

The same opportunity to become a "Doubler" is open to YOU. The I.C.S. will go to you wherever you live, and will train you in your own home and spare time for Success.

What better proof could be given of the practical and profitable nature of the training given by the I.C.S. than the fact that during 1913 over 3,400 students of the Schools obtained promotion and better or secured new positions?

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Also French, German, Spanish and Italian.

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(To avoid delay please use our FULL address.)

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

This fine weather has worked wonders in Savile Row, and the slackness that I spoke of last week has entirely vanished. Everywhere, from the "thirty bob" shops at Peckham to big West End establishments, men are clamouring for suits. Most people delay choosing their spring clothing until it is possible to discard the waterproof overcoat. But the longer they wait for the new attire the quicker they want it when at last the order is placed. The result is that the suit suffers, for when a tailor is hustled the quality of his work is bound to suffer. It's a great mistake to insist on delivery before the customary week is up, for if you do the chances are that your order will be attended to by an inferior cutter. Always make a point of trying on the suit at least twice before it is delivered. This will save much time and temper in the long run, for nothing is more annoying than to discover when first you wear them that the trousers are too long or the sleeves too short.

* * *

When you come to choose the suit go to a good tailor, and rely on him for the fashion. Avoid all extremes. Better remain loyal to the two-button lounge coat than ask for three or—worst of all—the one-button garment. Specify an outside handkerchief pocket, and place in it a neat silk handkerchief of the same colour as your neglige shirt. Above all shun trousers with "permanent creases." A few tailors still make these, and as the effect is produced by a hem down the centre you can imagine what they look like when finally the inevitable "bagging" at the knees does come about. Permanent turn-ups are still quite the thing, and I fancy that their ally, the shoe, is going to enjoy a greater boom than ever this summer.

* * *

Of course, the shoe is the friend of the sock manufacturer, and just at present half-hose—the outfitter's horrid phrase—are being produced in more colours and patterns than ever before. The tennis season is beginning, and as the socks you may rely on the knuts of the season taking the fullest advantage of the space between the top of their white shoes and the bottom of their still whiter trousers. Check socks will certainly enjoy a vogue, and with them there will be check ties and check belts. I was even shown a check collar at a shop in the Strand the other day, but it is doubtful if this altogether too striking innovation will enjoy any popularity. Black and white check material will certainly be in evidence for waistcoats and for sports coats, while for caps it is at present being almost universally adopted.

* * *

The subject of caps reminds me that there is a terrific slump in bowler hats. Everyone is buying soft felts, and grey is "the" colour. These hats wear excellently, and are nowadays permissible on any but the most formal occasions. The Austrian velours, which were the craze of last autumn, are not being smiled on by Fashion, but then she's a fickle lady, and no one knows what will be selling when the summer is past. In the City they are talking of quite a little boom in "toppers," though goodness only knows what the purchasers do with them. They certainly don't appear to wear them in public! The silk hat should be 34 inches deep and have a 2-inch brim. Many shops are making a big display of "straws," but it will be some little time before these will be generally adopted by the man in the street. Everyone knows that a shower spells ruination to the shape of these hats, and a neat little protector which has just been put on the market should enjoy a wide sale. This is made of oiled silk or cambric, and when you see the storm clouds gathering you whip it out of your pocket—and, hey presto! the precious "tile" is safe. What is, however, still more needed is a neat and efficient protector for Panamas, which are quickly spoiled by rain.

* * *

Some really charming soft shirts in "natty" shades of blue and buff are being brought out for this season's trade. Some of them are so very fascinating that their owners could not possibly bring themselves to wear an open-ended tie and thereby obscure the only visible portion of their frontage. That is why butterfly collars will be largely worn this summer on occasions when soft "doubles" or "polos" are not permissible. With the butterfly you wear a batswing bow—not a made-up affair, please! With a buff shirt a blue tie with large white spots looks well, while a black and white check bow will go well with a blue shirt. Those who prefer double collars should choose the variety with square—not rounded—points. These look much smarter than the older pattern and are suitable for all occasions.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Typewriters: Smith Premier Visible £9 10s., Oliver £5, Remington £4 10s.—Crawford, 9, Coleman Street, London (near Bank). Telephone: Wall, 9730.

Canaries: Pair of good German Roller Canaries required for breeding purposes; must be very cheap.—Box 513, "Modern Life" Office, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

Fortune-telling Chart, by post 7d.—G. Gaveston, 10, Ludgate Hill, London.

Instant Complexion Beautifier gives that Enviable Complexion; try it; 1s. Postal Order.—J. Mack, 11, Carnarvon Street, Glasgow.

Bound set of Harmsworth's Self-Educator (8 vols.); good as new; what offers?—Box 517, "Modern Life."

A POST CARD PROCURES THIS REMARKABLE GIFT.

You cannot hold your own in life's battle if weak, worn, or easily jaded. Periodical attacks of moodiness, languor, despondency, depression, and groundless fears mean nerve troubles, and lead to brain fag, impaired memory, and unfits one for study, business, or pleasure. The chosen ones in every walk of life are the alert, the bright, and the intelligent, nature's natural gift, but marred for lack of a little knowledge, of simple unthought of things which diminish the vital principles of energy, and paves the way for the unfit. A post card to the Useful Knowledge Publishers P.O. Box 94, Bradford, will put you in possession of a 48-page book, neatly bound, of valuable information, and will be sent post paid free of any charge whatsoever.

A little knowledge saves much medicine.—Advt.

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Dec. 4th, 1913.

Please accept my thanks for the promptitude in dispatching cheque for £1,500 and for precautions taken by you in safeguarding its receipt by me.

(Signed) Winifred M. Everitt,
7, Admiralty Rd., Portsmouth.

March 28th, 1914.

I received the cheque this morning, value £2,500 with many thanks.

(Signed) G. R. Atkinson,
Hill Top Farm, Fairburn, Ferrybridge, Yorks.

Over £45,000 has been distributed.

The following papers have written complimentary opinions about the TOTALISATOR, LUCERNE :—"Times," "Standard," "Irish Times," "Daily Express," "Irish Independent," "Morning Advertiser," "Globe," "Winning Post," "John Bull," "Sporting Life," "Pall Mall Gazette," "Bradford Daily Telegraph," "London Mail," etc.

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The TOTALISATOR,
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